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JULY, AUGUST
SEPTEMBER, 1917

The CHANNEL

An International Quarterly of Occultism,
Spiritual Philosophy of Life, and the
Science of Superphysical Facts

EDITOR - - MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHNER

Mystical Message of the East
The Hidden Street
The Return of Madame Nordica
Is Survival Provable?
Sun-Worship of Atlan(tis)
Reincarnation, as Viewed by a Non-Theosophist

For Full Contents, see inside cover

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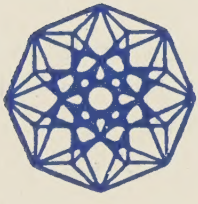

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East and West

Men look to the East for the dawning things,
For the light of a rising sun,
But they look to the West, the crimson West,
For the things that are done, are done.

The Eastward sun is a new-made hope
From the dark of the night distilled,
But the Westward sun is a sunset sun,
Is the sun of a hope fulfilled.

For out of the East they have always come,
The cradle that saw the birth
Of all the heart-warm hopes of men,
And all the hopes of earth.

For out of the East a Christ arose,
And out of the East there gleamed
The dearest dream and the clearest dream
That ever a prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they come
With the dream-child of the East,
And find the hopes they had hoped of old
A thousand times increased.

—*Anonymous.*

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This is a magazine of occultism, spiritual philosophy of life, and the science of superphysical facts. It has no official connection with any sect, society, or creed. Its aim is to present truth, and its hope is to collaborate with serious investigators in all domains of thought.

The Mystical Message of the East

Louise R. Waite

NOT MANY in the West have entered into a right understanding or apprehension of the mystical consciousness of the East. Some confound her mysticism with asceticism; they fail to realize that the inwardness of the mystic is not passive isolation but active attunement with the Eternal. Some others confound it with occultism and psychism. It is neither of these—even as appealing as these are.

Mysticism is the pathway of the Soul to the Divine Mind. Immediate correspondence with God is the mystic's ideal. He strives for personal intercourse with God; he is not satisfied until, passing through all external media, he has entered the Central Shrine of the Soul—The Great Center of the Lights, the Father-Mother-God. "I wandered till I saw the Light within" sang an Eastern mystic. The soul must go straight to God. So it is that to the mystic God is not an object among other objects but the Deepest Self of his own Soul—Internal union with God is of the essence of the mystic's ideal. He cries aloud as did Baha Allah the great Mystic of the East: "O Thou who art more apparent than my appearance. O Thou who art hidden in my inmost heart."

The true mystic knows that "the Kingdom of God is within you"; God is not alone immanent but is the very In-Soul of all; every "I" is a center of the Parent Spirit—that man is the soul of His Spirit, breath of His Breath, love of His Love; that the finite must be rediscovered in the Infinite and that the whole world process must be seen as a stream of light in the Divine Immensity. This is not pantheism. It is mysticism as a western lover of the East understands it.

Mysticism is not the monopoly of the East, but while in the West mysticism is a specific phenomenon, in the East it is a natural, congenial attitude to the Universe of Reality. Both East and West have qualities which have their value for the higher organization of the life of the race. The Spirit of Love has presided over the evolution of East and West. The One Parent-Spirit of all has blessed them with divers gifts and the service which true patriots may render is to draw them into closer unity and not keep them apart. It is true that there are great differences between them but the Divine Intention is the realization of Unity through diversity.

In every age and race God has his people, souls who aspire to God and cry aloud for communion with the Only One: "O God, Thou hast made us for Thyself and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee."

India is the mother of mystics. To the Hindu mystic God is the In-Soul of all. "The world is not a blank to us nor blot; it means intensity and means Good" writes an Eastern Sage. To accept and assimilate the revelation of God in nature, history, and life is the craving of the true mystic.

The poets and preachers of the East have sung and spoken of nature-mysticism which involves more than what William K. Clifford called "cosmic emotion." The truth that God speaks through nature, pouring love and worship in the hearts of the devout, had touched their souls; nature was to them an apparition of the Eternal, the phenomenal, symbol of the One Idea, the stirring of the One Love Life. They sing of the sun and moon as "God's Altar lights" and of the sky as "the sacred vessel of sacrifice to Him."

Occidental pantheism, pluralism and agnosticism are alien to the higher Hindu consciousness; their mysticism

proclaims the doctrine of the One Self-revealing Spirit; the the phenomenal is not ignored but neither is it emphasized; the phenomenal is subordinated to the Unseen, the Absolute is held as the Self-revealing Spirit. Keshub Chunder Sen, the practical mystic of modern India, has well declared: "It is un-Asiatic not to know God." The Western mind has condemned mysticism as "the result of an exhausted or degenerate brain" and "a form of error which mistakes for Divine manifestation the operation of merely human faculty."

But are not all the Prophets of the Ideal mystics? Are not the greatest movements of history initiated, inspired and sustained by mystics? Do not the deeper relations of life, friendship, faith, reverence, communion, worship and love, touch the mystical springs of Life? Is it not true that poetry, art, philosophy, literature and music sound the mystical note, the moment they become universal in their outlook upon life and the universe? Can you imprison reality with the chains of rationalism?

The Eastern mystic cries with the yearning of a woman-soul for the vision of God unveiled. The Vedic bard sings "God is to be loved as the maiden loves her secret lover." Another mystic writes: "Our journey is to the Rose Garden of Union."

The urgent need of the West is the mystical Soul-rest of the East. Our civilization makes for power and progress, which has its place, but it does not strive enough for the peace of the soul. It is smitten with ambitions, feverish struggles, competition—the mad desire to possess more and more—a stage in evolution which must be passed through, I suppose. Even our socialism or what goes by that name has a materialistic conception of the human good. Sadly does the West need to stop and listen to the mystical message of the East, to unite the contemplative attitude of life with its progression. It would give repose where now we have worry; it would give strength where now we are much weakened by strife and struggle; it would deepen the purposes of life, develop socialism into solidarity, and reveal the spiritual value of life which commercialism can never discern, it would save a certain stratum of society from mammon worship and help to solve the problems of our social democracy.

The West must needs shape her life from within, recognize within the veil of time the life of eternity and live the life of the ideal which transcends time, and "act in union with the Divine."

Progress must be interpreted not in terms of economic values but in relation to those deeper values of life which constitute the kingdom of the Good. Such progress is impossible without contemplation. There is a spiritual center within; thither must the West retreat to hold communion with the Lord; to cultivate Soul relation with the unseen, and gather strength to enrich the world.

One hears so much in the west of the conflict between religion and science. If nature be viewed from the viewpoint of the mystic it is easy to see that there is no conflict, but an essential harmony between them. Nature is then seen to be the outer court of the spirit. How pregnant is the new saying of Christ, "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood and I am there." "Matter," says a western mind, "is the absolute being." No, says the eastern mystic, "matter is the vehicle of the eternal idea."

Again, the mystical message of the east will answer the needs of the western theology. That there is urgent need for reconstruction of Christian theology few will deny. There is a piteous cry for a reinterpretation of the teachings of Christ. Old evangelicism is a spent force. Rationalism intolerant of the spiritual and emotional values of life has no future, and orthodoxy with its perilous outgrowths of the external in religion has confessed already its failure. The west needs the heart religion of the eastern mystic.

The truths which the heart of orthodoxy has treasured for centuries, the truths which Jesus taught, must be reinterpreted by the mystical consciousness of the East. Christ was an Eastern. Love was the burden of the world-message which He taught and this has to a degree appealed to us in the west; but there are other and equally vital ideas with which His message was charged that we have utterly failed to grasp, and it is because we are of the west.

It is obvious to an eastern mind that religion with Jesus was wholly a matter of realization and not at all a question of dogma and creeds. He realized where we dogmatize and from that realization derived His immense powers—powers that are latent in man and await recogni-

tion to realize the Absolute and Unconditional in place of the apparent and phenomenal—this has ever been the oriental concept of religion and this was the religion of Jesus. There has been preached no purer idealism than when He proclaimed "The kingdom of heaven is within," within, within; it was a message of transcendant idealism. Jesus drew from the within—never from the without, and his outer life was suffused by that inner Light which shed its luster over His commonest act. He made Himself the instrument of divine activities—the unobstructed channel of the Spirit. It was thus He became the medium of that world message which from time immemorial has been so misconstrued and which in brief is this: Realize thy oneness with God, with the Eternal here and now, and express to the utmost and to all men the love that is in thee. And the renunciation which Jesus taught was but the natural corrollary to this. We must perforce renounce selfishness as we see the wisdom and beauty of unselfishness. We let go of the seeming as we approach the real. The eastern mind can the fuller appreciate and understand the beauty of His personality; of the lily and sparrow and well; and all the other familiar things to the son of the east; His intimacy with the natural; His insight into the human soul; His mysticism; His love for the little child, the poor, the lowly, the ungodly; the suffering outcasts, the lost sheep whom the world neglects but not the Great Mother-Heart of God; His loneliness revealing the beauty of sorrow; His sacrificial tenderness; His gracious words and still more gracious silence; His love and humility; His communion with the Father in the Kingdom within; His pure life, and His death by which He gave to the world the symbol of the Heart of the Eternal—all these are eloquent to the idealistic, mystical soul of the East.

The Christ of God is Immortal. The God of the Nations is now summoning the east to come out of her seclusion and unite with the west in a union of mystical beauty. The west has much to give to the east, its positive energy and commercial spirit, its inventive genius; while the east as a bride brings her dower of wisdom and Spiritual Mysticism; her adoration of the "One and Altogether Fair One."

We are at the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the race—the birth of a new age is upon us. Reconstruction—social, political, philosophical and religious—is imminent, and in this both east and west will be involved. The west will teach the lessons of scientific organization, ethical energy and political progress. She will show the value of personality and the importance of environment. It has been said "the west will vindicate the gospel of work and gladly and gratefully will the east learn of the west science, technics and practices but the west also must turn to the east to study the mysteries of the higher life, to assimilate Ancient Wisdom, to develop the mystic sense; to recognize nature not alone as the laboratory of the scientist but the sanctuary of the Spirit; to practice meditation; to discern that if work is worship, worship too is our work."

"The east is destined to speak again in the commonwealth of culture and in the council of the world. Her mystical insight combined with the ethical energy of the west will give a new world-philosophy."

The west must realize the truth that reality is not a thought concept, but a soul experience, and may be known not by mere criticism of categories but by heart insight and life—supplementing not superseding the function of logical understanding.

Eastern mysticism does not disparage Reason; it insists that man's whole nature and not the intellect alone must be used in the search and service of truth.

Neither the German passion for intellectual matters nor the Greek delight in form and beauty nor the English taste for generalizations from empirical data can give a constructive metaphysics. The mystical intuitions of the east must overcome the false abstractions of western thought.

An eastern savant has said: "Schopenhauer dreamt of a day when the wisdom of the east would flow to the west. In that day the mysticism of the east will exert an influence as powerful as the theory of evolution on western thought and life. Then Europe will have a new outlook upon world-religions and all her theologians discern the truth that no religion is false nor is any final; that the new world-religion must be the religion of synthesis, and the church of the future must be the union church of east and west."

The Hidden Street

Miss Eva Madden

I live upon one of the most interesting streets of the world.

Visitors to Florence will at once recognize it when I say that at one end stands the cathedral; at the other, Browning's "Statue" gazes in vain for Browning's "Bust." From my window I can gaze over the roofs and loggias of half the city to the purple hills beyond, and review affairs, by way of historic towers, churches, and villas, from Etruscan days until now. If I gaze downward into the narrow depth of the street below, I can see all historic Florence passing in imaginative procession along the thoroughfare of the Servites, or amuse myself with the animated life of the small Italian shops of Via dei Servi to-day. I can see all Americans who come here, every variety of monk, priest, sister, or student, officers in their lovely blue caps, and, at dusk, the funeral processions of the *Misericordia* with their torches, black robes, and chanting.

In spite of all this, my mind, perhaps because of its Celtic origin, is always puzzling itself over a hidden street, which, for too many years for a spinster judiciously to mention, has led my imagination away from the enjoyment of what it has, towards the pursuit of what tantalizingly eludes it.

I first came into knowledge of this hidden street when I was only a tiny child. My little sister and I had a habit, after being put to bed, of drawing over our heads the upper sheet, and then, closing our eyes very tight, of asking each other what we saw in the darkness. One of these nights I fell asleep and dreamed vividly. The next morning I described excitedly being in my dream on a strange, queer street, such as I had never seen or heard of. It was narrow and paved with stones. On one side stood a very tall house, also of stone, very white, with many windows, high from the ground, and with walls broken in degrees of elevation. Just opposite, on the other side of this street, was a tall, white stone wall with a high iron fence, or railing, of openwork design. This street, along which I walked in

my dreams, filled me with a sense of mystery which persists to this day, if I think of it. I described it to my people, but they regarded it, perhaps, as child's talk. The curious part of it, however, was that in the city where we lived, there was no house without yard or garden, and I had never been elsewhere to see one which stood directly upon a street, nor in those old Southern cities where there are no houses higher than two stories and an attic; at least not in mine. Neither had I ever seen that straight-up-and-down architecture, nor heard of a street without brick sidewalk, curb, and trees. Our fronts, too, had very low stone curbings and plain iron uprights for fences. Nor was there, so far as I know, any book in the house showing such a street or building.

My mother just then had gone south for her health. Letters came back from New Orleans where she was fighting tuberculosis. On the sheet at night, then, we began to see only pictures of what we thought might be this wonderful city which was to cure our mother, our aunt, and our uncle, of what always made funerals in our family. When at last the old Mississippi-Ohio river steamer, the *Mary Houston*, brought our mother laden with lovely French organdies and grenadines for our dresses, French dolls from our aunt, and packages of *dragees* from our uncle, I was sure that it was New Orleans that I had dreamed of, and that, one day, if I should go there, that street, with its tall, white, mysterious house and the stone wall with the beautiful ironwork railing, I surely should see.

The dream passed from my mind with childhood, until I must have been fifteen or sixteen. Then one night I awoke with a feeling of quick, sudden fright. I had seen that street again, clearly, distinctly, and exactly as in childhood. Had my mother or my aunt been living, I might have asked either of them if really there were such a street in New Orleans, and settled it, at least that far; but, as it was, when a Christmas or two later I went with my uncle's widow to that one-time home of my people, in the back of my mind was a quest for adventure and the belief that now, at last, I was to find that street and realize my dream.

My hostess and aunt being tired, I was given permission that first day, which was Sunday, to go to a church of my own faith, which was not that of the others. My little girl-cousin went with me, she also being a stranger. I

think it was Christ Church we went to, and, service over, we started for home.

We were both unaware that in that day street cars in New Orleans did not go and return by the same route, as in our city of double tracks; and therefore we were put down by the conductor at a spot entirely unknown to us. A thrill of adventure seized me, lost, without an older person, and in my first large, strange town! I took my little cousin's hand and at once we set out.

For some reason, after walking a square or two, the street of my dreams suddenly flashed before my eyes, just as we heard the strangest sounds by which my ears have ever been thrilled. The street was absolutely deserted, and as we drew near the locality of the low, subdued chorus of thrilling, mysterious, minor sounds, the cottages ended on the opposite side. Had they continued, we doubtless should have proved ourselves two braver adventurers.

"It's in here!" cried my little companion, and she ran to the wooden wall of a stable. It being built as carelessly as most Southern stables of those days, we soon found a crack wide enough for our eyes to peep through easily.

What we saw I will never forget, nor will I ever lose the sensation of hypnotic terror which gradually seized both the child and me, as we gazed silent, with hands clasped. It must have been one o'clock in the day, and yet, somehow, the whole scene always seems to my memory like one set in darkness.

We found ourselves gazing into a large section of the stable, which had been made into a room, perhaps for storage. At all events, it had no connection with the outside world except by a door in the wall farthest from us. The light entered through a high window above. On the floor of this room sat eight or ten old negroes. They were robed in what seemed white night-dresses with sashes about their waists. On their heads were white scarfs twisted into the shapes of turbans such as Arabs wear. Every eye was fixed upon a very aged negress, dressed in the same way, who occupied the center of a circle formed by the others. To the music of the strange chant which had attracted us to the opening, the whole circle bowed as they squatted on the boards, moving head, arms, body, in rhythm with their

chant, the woman in the center answering with hands or head to the music.

Really, the effect was more than anything I can describe, an effect which gradually filled me with a terror, nameless and paralyzing, with a thrilling sense of something mysterious and evil that I have never lost even to this day. We watched until it seemed as if our brains, bodies, and thoughts were slipping away from us and as if that low, strange, mystic chant were to govern us forever in this world.

The bodies swayed, the heads swung slowly to and fro, the whites of their eyes gleamed in their black faces, intensified in hue by their spotless raiment. I had the sudden impulse to look at my little companion, for I was old enough to know that such terror was not good for a child: yet I could not go. Then, as the chant went on and on, the heads bowed, the bodies waved, suddenly every nerve in my body seemed to grow cold and a panic struck me like a heeled spur.

The child and I, without a word, and as if moved by a common impulse, turned and ran, and did not stop till we reached the house where we were visiting.

I had not found my street, nor could I, though I went all about the French quarter seeking it; but I had had an adventure, whose end, all my life, I will wish I had awaited.

Now the next curious thing is that, some years later, again I awoke from a vivid dream and again I had been in that street. Three times evidently were my limit, for it has never come again; but in all my travels never have I entered a new town or city without expecting to find it.

Very often the thrill of expectancy has suddenly come on me before entering some unexplored thoroughfare, but not in England, America, Holland, France, Germany, or Italy have I yet entered it.

Once there was that curious sensation which comes just before the brain discovers a name long lost, when there are a tremble, a quiver, and then an approach to the lost impression, and then again the incapacity to grasp it. This was in Firenza, where I now and then go on business and stay at the old *albergo* with the covered entrance and courtyard. The first time I was there, on my way to the museum from the inn, my brain quivered as I entered a certain street. Yes, there were the tall stone building, the stone pavement,

the sudden feeling of mystery, but the dream was not realized. There was no wall or iron fence just opposite.

My search for this elusive mystery of dreamland has now and then led me into curious places. I was walking one day in Essex, where I was spending the summer, and came almost at once upon one of the roomy rectories, so lovely a feature of rural Essex. About its large entrance gate, with its hedges to each side of it, were several trees and some well-trimmed shrubbery; and, as I passed, a figure suddenly came through these toward the gate. When it saw me, a look of strange sorrow and melancholy fell upon every feature of its face and it turned and retreated. I say "it," because I saw a person of graceful, slender figure, clad in that soft, delicate gray, loved of dainty women, with soft laces about neck and sleeves, one slender, refined hand holding up a soft, trailing skirt, the other clasping together an embroidered, silken Indian shawl of a delicate gray hue and with fringes; but, the face was heavily bearded! The eyes were full of a tragic, appealing look of something strangely like shame.

I have absolutely no explanation to offer. It was one of those adventurous incidents of a wandering life which in most cases are never to meet solution.

I walked on rapidly to shake off the strange feeling of unknown tragedy, and, going along the lovely way with its hedges and golden fields of ripe and waiting wheat, I came upon a pleasant-faced woman, who proposed that we go on together.

We stopped suddenly before a cottage, and her whole face lighted. I wish I could bring the sweet homeliness of that English scene to the vision of any who would care for it. The Essex cottages are pleasant and roomy, the roofs often, as with this one, very steep. The roses clambered over it, blooming as they do only in England. A little path led up to the entrance door and it was bordered with all the old-time flowers. I had never met it before but once: I am not sure I am right, but wasn't it at the ball of the flowers to which Hans Andersen's Ida went? It was in some childhood story, and at last I saw it in reality.

But the point of our stopping was not the flowers; it was to speak with Wordsworth's old Matthew, who leaned over the gate enjoying all the beauty of an English evening.

"Mr. B—," said my companion, "this lady is from America."

Never shall I be surveyed again with just such a look as old Matthew then gave me! Perhaps I shall wear it myself when at last I find my hidden street.

"I have always wanted to see an American, Miss," he said, very politely in the Essex dialect, which I make no pretence to indicate by strange spelling. I smiled at the compliment, and he went on in a quiet tone:

"Yes," he said, "I have long dreamed of meeting an American. My years, though, are almost done and I had begun to think it was not to be mine to see one. There is a question," he nodded gravely, "I have always wanted to ask of an American. I have often tried to describe the answer. I have thought much of it, Miss, and now at last it may have come to me."

He said these simple words in a gentle, pleasing voice, his old eyes meeting mine with the exquisite courtesy of the humbly-born rural English. I begged him to ask me what he would. If it were in my power, I said, I should answer him gladly.

"There is that chance," he said, smiling, quizzically, "that you may not be able, Miss." Then he looked at me solemnly. "It is this: have you ever been in a cyclone? I have read of them in newspapers, I have thought over what they must be like, but that has never satisfied me. My one wish has been that, before I die, I might speak with an American who had been in a cyclone."

Now is Richard Jeffrey right when he says our good luck comes by chance only, as our bad? Or is it that so simple a wish as old Matthew's may be answered by heaven?

I cannot say, any more than why, of all counties in England, chance led me to unfrequented Essex and my hope of finding my dream street took me that afternoon down that particular road; for, of all the Americans I knew in London likely to stray in that direction, I alone had been in a cyclone. When it struck my city it was said it came through the only possible defile in the opposite knobs and the chance was one in a thousand that the winds would ever find it!

At all events, I told old Matthew the story, described

the sight of lamp-posts twisted like corkscrews and still burning in the debris next day, of devastated streets, of houses with one single corner cleanly cut off, of boxes of eggs borne intact to other buildings, of the sensations of a woman who fell through with the floors of five stories to the cellar and, opening her mouth to scream, found it filled with plaster—which well-nigh ended her.

He listened like one entranced, and when I had finished, held out his hand and thanked me solemnly. Somehow, I thought of that old gentleman in the Bible who wished to be let go in peace now that his heart's desire had come to him.

Once again:

The chances of my varied life led me to Germany, and my home for several years was in a small village where modern times had never entered; where pine needles strewed the path of each bride to the famous old church built in 900 A. D.; where a birch tree before a door told of a boy who should go forth confirmed; a wreath of roses, a girl or a bride; where the goose-boy led out the whole village flock; the shepherd, in ancient costume and three-cornered hat, the sheep; the town crier proclaimed the lost; volunteer firemen quenched flames; and the names of evildoers, if women, were read from the pulpit.

Here I came upon a street, the first sight of whose high stone wall made me quiver. But no, there was no heavy, beautiful ironwork, and the tall, white house was entirely missing; but stonecrop grew on the wall of stone, and the wall swept round to a stone gate, and above that gate was a stone face, grotesque, and with tongue out. It was very old and like a gargoyle. I followed this wall and found that it led by a quaint house with diamond-paned windows and a little porch and sloping roof like the "Gingerbread Cottage" of Hänsel and Gretel. It was a very queer street and might have been mine, for there were the paved street of stones and the wall; but the opposite houses were German cottages. Behind that strange gate lived an old woman, exactly like a witch.

Once, in the autumn, I was coming home through the forest, and, hearing the rustle of a deer,—deer grow savage at the time of mating—, I began to hasten as it was growing dark very rapidly. As I rounded the curve of the road round a huge rock above the village, I came face to face

with this old bowed-backed woman, laden with fagots of scrub-oak branches and leaves for her goat, and leaning, as she walked, on her stick. She eyed me evilly and I quickly went by, and there, just exactly where she had stood, a great black cat with gleaming, yellow eyes and straight, bristling tail was glaring at me! I knew well who that old woman was, and I knew Fräulein Boch, just below, had a cat; but, when furtively glancing behind me I saw that the darkness had swallowed up that old woman, and that instead the cat was there spitting and glaring, I better understood the fairy tales.

As Tuscan correspondent for a well-known paper, I must every summer go to and fro among the many watering places of that ancient province. Many quaint places do I chance upon, many streets have I wandered through, but where is the one I dreamed of three times so clearly? How came the picture of it first into the brain of a child who could not read, who had never been from home, who had never, to anyone's knowledge, seen a picture in any way resembling it? Whose house was that tall, white edifice, so ancient looking, and yet so white, and prisonlike? And what was beyond that tall stone wall and that beautiful ironwork fence, or railing? What sort of people walked up and down that clean, well-paved street? Were they my Highland ancestors? Were they my people from Erin? and is that old street, after all my wanderings, nearer my home?

Perhaps, when I shall be as old as old Essex Matthew, someone will stroll by and be the one to end my quest, as I did Essex Matthew's.

Where is this hidden street which came to a tiny child in her dreams, which came again to a dreamy girl, came again to a half-waking woman, and came nevermore to the woman of years? Are her eyes too open to dream, or will it surely come once more when, like old Matthew, she shall lean on the gate of age, the long rays of evening blinding again her eyes?

Zoroaster, the Lightgiver*

(Concluded from last number)

M. Musaeus Higgins

[This is the life of Zoroaster, the Persian Prophet, compiled from several books which have been written by Parsees or by others who honor the religion of the Parsees and give testimony to its excellence.]

Zoroaster Goes to Tran

ZOROASTER was now thirty years of age, and he wished to go to Tran, as he thought there his field for teaching would be greater. So with friends and relatives he started on his journey. But when they reached the sea, they did not find a ship, and so they remained on the shore for a while. Zoroaster prayed fervently; lo! the waters divided, and he and his followers entered and reached the other side safely. He landed on the eastern border of Tran, and when they arrived they came just in the midst of a merry festival.

That night they camped on the road, and Zoroaster had a magnificent dream which at first he could not understand. He dreamed that a hostile army came from the east, and blocked up the road along which he wanted to go. He was helpless, when suddenly from the south a fierce army appeared, and both the armies met in battle. The eastern army was put to flight, and his road was cleared. What did this mean? Zoroaster mused and thought and

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* *The Channel* has no official connection with any sect, society, or creed, but periodically it publishes articles on various religious, philosophic, and scientific movements contributed by authoritative representatives. As it is the purpose of *The Channel* to disseminate truth, it is glad to act in this informative capacity.

prayed; then the explanation came to him. The road *he* was walking now was the road *he* had chosen. This, his own road, was closed; he could not walk it. But which was the road open to him? The road *to God* Himself; that was the road open to him. He was to be taught by God Himself the teachings that he would have to give the people.

Returning with his people to join the festive crowd again, they were received with great hospitality. Zoroaster left his followers there and alone he went off on the road to find God.

Zoroaster walked on. Whither, he knew not; but some heavenly guide seemed to show him the way. He came to the waters Daieti of which tradition says that they divided into four streams. (May not this allude to the four great religions—Zoroastrianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity; or to the four Initiations?) They seemed bottomless, but he had no fear. And he walked on; even when the waters reached his neck, he knew he would reach the shore, for were not angels guiding him on the road to God? Why were the waters divided into four streams? Listen to what tradition says: "Four times Religion shall be renewed. Four great Ones shall teach: Kartush, Asfantaman Hushidar, Mah Hushidar, then Sashnish." Zoroaster reached the opposite shore, and his body was not fatigued! He was cleansed by the purity of the waters he had passed through, as gold is purified by fire.

He sank down in prayer on the other shore, and thus the heavenly messenger, Bahman-Amshaspand, found him.

Zoroaster's Illumination

"What is thy wish, O Pilgrim?" the messenger of God said. Zoroaster looked up and saw a shining figure, clad in white, hovering over him. "I seek Ahura-Mazda's command," Zoroaster answered; "I seek the Truth, to preach it everywhere; nothing but the truth. Guide me to His throne, O gentle Spirit."

"Close thy physical eyes, and follow me at once. I guide thee," spoke the angel.

Then it seemed to Zoroaster as if he were lifted up by an immense bird, which carried him heavenwards. When Zoroaster opened his spiritual eyes he found himself in

heaven surrounded by a brilliant assembly; so bright it was that he himself seemed to be only a shadow. Twenty-four steps led up to the throne, and to it came a grand Presence, enveloped in pure light. The angel knelt and worshiped. Trembling in awe and fear, Zoroaster threw himself down at the foot of the throne. "Ask thy questions, son," an awe-inspiring voice said. "Who is the best of all God's earthly creatures?" asked the trembling Zoroaster. The answer came in clear, deep sounds from the throne: "He who is truly generous at heart. He who is ready to impart to mankind all he knows. He who is ready to make every heart glad. He who does not turn to vanity. He who is kind to man and beast. He who honors fire and water. He who fulfills this all, he is God's best creature. He who abuses God and does not do His will, will find his punishment. Thus teach thou mankind."

The second question which Zoroaster dared to ask was this: "Who of the pious angels is the first?" Zoroaster asked all those questions which he desired explained so that he could teach mankind; and he forgot nothing. He was taught that God showed His goodness to all creatures in heaven and on earth, and that the only evil on earth is that inspired by Ahriman, the tempter, and his followers, the divs (demons) whose abode is hell. Zoroaster was also taught all sciences that come from on high, and he realized the foundation of all wisdom. He even got a glimpse of hell, and there Ahriman, the tempter, tried sorely to allure him by promising all his heart's desires on earth if he would follow him. No need to say this made no impression. Coming back to earth, Zoroaster saw a burning mountain and a voice commanded him: "Go through the flame, and fire shall never burn thee." Zoroaster obeyed, not a hair on his body was singed, and he came out of it shining and fair. Although some melted brass flowed down on his breast, it rested there like snow and did not burn. He felt his body torn in twain, it joined again and he was not hurt. He understood that it meant to teach that all in God's hands is as wax, and if one trusts in Him one is safe from fire as from water. This he had to teach to mankind, of whom he was to be the shepherd. All those who left the Righteous Path would be like melted brass in a fierce flame.

Angels Visit Zoroaster

When in deep meditation Zoroaster received inspiration as to what form the worship of the Supreme ought to take. He was taught that whatever "shines" and is full of "light," that is the essence of God; that God will be seen in that brightness, and the people will follow that shining light; when the precepts of Ahura-Mazda are followed, Ahriman, the tempter, takes flight; nothing on earth is greater than Light; paradise was created "when all was light;" hell is only the absence of light. Thus was Zoroaster taught the Zend-Avesta, which he wrote down. Then he was commanded to go to King Gushtasp, who was a religious king (and who had succeeded on the throne the one who had persecuted Zoroaster) and to teach him the Zend-Avesta, so that he should learn and understand the faith which was to spread throughout the world. He was told to conceal nothing from Gushtasp, and to guard him against the influence of magicians and divs.

Zoroaster rose in wonder from his "flight to the Higher Realms," and resolved to follow the commands given him. He lived a contemplative life in every respect, and in his meditations held constant converse with the angels. He was visited by Brahman, who was the Guardian of the sheep. Brahman committed to Zoroaster the care of all the sheep (may it not be that here the sheep were meant as emblem of humanity?) and told him that they must not be sacrificed nor be slaughtered. "Be the shepherd," he was told.

Then the angel Ardebehisht came, he who guards the fire. He commanded Zoroaster to establish fire-temples everywhere, and recommend them to the protection of King Gushtasp. Then he taught Zoroaster that neither water nor earth should ever quench these holy fires. With wood and perfumes the fires should ever be kept young, and never anything else should be thrown in. "Fire is Ahura-Mazda's Light on earth, it warms thee when cold, it lightens the darkness; so keep the fire lighted, thou Prophet of the Lord." Thus Ardebehisht spoke, and then he disappeared. Then the Angel Sharivar came with good counsel to Zoroaster. He instructed Zoroaster that the warriors should keep their weapons clean and sharp, but

use them only when they had to defend their country. Not in hatred should the weapons be used, only in defence. That was Sharivar's counsel—and thus Zoroaster taught henceforth. Also an angel came in the garb of a woman—Asfandarmad. She advised Zoroaster to give orders to keep the earth clean from filth and for purity's sake to throw dust far away from habitations, so that it might fertilize the earth for cultivation.

Then the Angel Khurdad appeared and gave Zoroaster the care of all the streams of water, those that came from above (the rains) and those that came from below (the springs). He commanded that Zoroaster should teach the people to make use of the waters to irrigate the fields and gardens; for water is the nourishment of all, of man and beast, and of all vegetation. "Do not pollute clean water with filth or carrion; keep all dirt away from it." So spoke Khurdad, and withdrew.

Of Religion, of Justice, of Holiness, and of the Kustis-thread, the Angel Amardad taught Zoroaster; everything must be kept pure. Thus Zoroaster learned, and he kept all these precepts in his heart and mind for the helping of his fellow men.

The Good Man's Heart

The consciousness of good, which neither gold,
Nor sordid fame, nor hope of hea enly bliss,
Can purchase; but a life of esolute good,
Unalterable will, quenchl ss desire
Of universal happiness; the heart
That beats with it in unison; the brain
Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal;
This "commerce" of sincerest virtue needs
No mediative signs of selfishness,
No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,
No balancings of prudence, cold and long—
In just and equal measure all is weighed;
One scale contains the sum of human weal,
And one, the good man's heart!

—Shelley.

The Sun-Worship of Atlan(tis)

Phila Bliven

COME drink with me at the World's great Fountain of Spiritual Truth. Let us back to the very Fountain-head of Religion, whence hath flowed down the oft polluted Stream of Time the water of Spiritual Wisdom. This murky Stream! we will have none of it! Drink deep of the crystal water and lave in the Sun-lit Pool; and lo! Tezcatlipoca will open the eyes of your Soul. Tezcatlipoca who is Elohe the Giver of Immortality, he who is called Yllapa the Lightning, he who hath been styled the Aroma of Flowers, the Night Wind, The Spirit of Inspiration, and sometimes The Spirit of Life; for Tezcatlipoca it is who gathereth the emanation of Teotl's Spirit and fashioneth it like a golden bead and pierceth it with a thread of Light and clotheth it with a Soul and sendeth it to inhabit a human body. Even so hath Man Eternal Life.

We are standing on the mountain-top of Long-Ago and with us is One mightier than the Christ, greater than Krishna, greater than Horus, greater than Quetzalcoatl himself, for Teuatl the God of Waters hath sent hither from Ylhuicatl the Divine Source of Water, the Living Water, One who will instruct us.

Know then that there is a Beautiful Wonder, a great White dazzling Sun that is the Center of this Universe, around which circle all Solar Systems. Know that this Central Sun is called Chiminigagua the Heaven of Heavens and that it is the Over-Soul of the Divine Ego, Teotl the Invisible Spirit of Life and Light and Understanding, Teotl the Supreme God.

Angel nor Arch-Angel hath ever beheld Teotl, much less hath mortal Man.

Know that from Chiminigagua, Teotl emanateth all else that Is or Hath Been or Ever Can Be, all these circling Solar Systems and even Mictlan itself which lieth anent the very circumference of the great circle that bounds Teotl's Universe.

Know that our God emanateth the Universal Life, the Universal Soul and the Universal Ether, that these Three

enfold and infill the Universe, and that from these Three all created things are formed. These Three are the Divine Trinity so oft misunderstood and misrepresented; and these Three are not God, any more than the emanation of a man which a wolf followeth is that man, or the scent of a rose is the rose.

So far are the Solar Systems removed from Chiminigagua, that Teotl hath sent a member of the Divine Family to be the Center and the Light of each Solar System. These too are invisible Spirits surrounded by Over-souls that shine with different degrees of splendor. These are the veritable Sons of God, and are not to be confounded with the Great Spirits who have, from time to time, sought incarnation in the flesh in order to instruct and uplift the undeveloped Souls of Earth. For these last are the Sons of Tonathui, whose abiding place is Totonamitl, our own Sun.

Tlatecutli the Earth is not the only Planet that circleth about Totonamitl, for there be many Planets both great and small. Two of these Planets be Nether Worlds. Concerning five primary Planets and one Secondary Planet we know who are the habitants thereof. Four of these Primary Planets are more exalted than Tlatecutli. These five are sometimes styled the Lesser Heavens; though these are not Heavens, they are Planets where evoluting Souls incarnate before they are sufficiently advanced to enter Totonamitl. These Planets, beginning with the lowest Nether World and naming them in order of their exaltation, are: Macehalon, Ixbalba, Tlatecutli, Tlalocan, Cioatlipan, Huixtutli and Talpolla.

Tehuitzecatl the Moon belongeth to the secondary planetary system. It circleth about Tlatecutli; and is the abode of Meztli, who presideth over conception of children that Tezcatlipoca createth to live upon Earth. Tehuitzecatl hath no mortal inhabitant.

Many Heavens there are concerning which we have small knowledge; but there are three Heavens more exalted than Totonamitl; these are Ylhuicatl, Homeyocan and Chiminigagua.

Few Souls there are who attain to Ylhuicatl, and still smaller is the number who attain to Homeyocan, beyond which mortal cannot go through his own merit.

Three roads there are that lead to the Heavens; one is Right Living, one is Right Doing, and one is Right Thinking; and all are the ways of Love and Truth and Wisdom.

Chiminigagua is not visible from the Planets of this our Solar System. From Totonamitl it looketh a dim Star in the infinity of Space; from Ylhuicatl it looketh a white blazing Sun; from Homeyocan it looketh a Beautiful Wonder. His dazzling rays pierce the Firmament afar, and beyond, a myriorama of moving, quivering, palpitating gems, are the Divine Three, the emanations from Teotl. Sometimes the Divine Three show themselves to us in the Rainbow and in the Aurora, but not in all their splendor.

Concerning the Nether Worlds, we know that Ixbalba is the least terrible of Three. Many Souls grow weary of their own grovelings, and, returning from Ixbalba, are reincarnated upon Tlatecutli. From Macehalon few Souls return. Those who persist in retrogression go finally to Mictlan the Realm of Doom. Mictlan is the Domain of Mictlantecutli. It is the abode of Darkness. Thereon is no Life nor Light nor Warmth, but only Dreamless Sleep.

Three ways there are that lead to Doom, and one is Lust, and one is Anger, and one is Avarice; and all are ways of Cruelty and Falsity and Ignorance.

The Lyre

Am I a broken lyre,
Who, at the Master's touch,
Respondeth with a tinkle and a whirr?
Or am I strung in full
And at His touch give forth the full chord?

—Patience Worth.

The most perfect and best of all characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind as if he were every day guilty of some himself, and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.—*Pliny the Younger.*

An Impression of Dr. Anna Kingsford

Eadith Kingsford

In examining impressions and records of my mother, Dr. Anna Kingsford, the chief thing that occurs to me, and would occur I think to most people who knew her, is the fact that in thought and outlook on life she was decidedly in advance of her times. Had she lived nearer the present day than in the seventies and eighties of the last century and had her works been first published at the present time, they would not I think have been so cruelly criticised and misunderstood as they were when they appeared about the early nineties. The world has grown accustomed now to wider thought and the revival of mysticism, and these and kindred subjects are treated sympathetically and with increasing appreciation by large numbers of people; in fact, new light on the problems and mysteries of existence and on the soul and its destiny is, to quote the title of a well known work, "What All The World's a-Seeking." It is interesting and gratifying to me to note how the movements in which my mother was a worker and took special interest, have progressed and come into general recognition in the present day: spiritualism (in the highest sense) as opposed to materialism, the widening of woman's influence and reforms in this direction, and the greater attention paid to humanitarian work such as anti-vivisection, etc.—all these are powerful parts of present-day thoughts and endeavors.

With regard to clairvoyance, this is no longer considered as a delusion or necessarily a fraud; and even doctors now acknowledge psychic influence, though not precisely in the same way as spiritualists. In connection with this subject there are some passages, interesting in the light of present events, in a diary of my mother's included in *A Life of Anna Kingsford* by Edward Maitland, edited by Samuel Hopgood Hart. These passages occur in some clairvoyant utterances by her in August, 1877: "I perceive a great war in Europe. There are multitudes of soldiers in white uniforms, some in red; all Europe seems at war....It seems to me as if France were about to be destroyed utterly. The invader's helmet has a spike. I could draw it better than I

could describe it. All France is doomed, part will be a German province. I see England in possession of Calais, Normandy, and the Brittany Coast; yes, all the Northern shore of France. Belgium seems to me to be Prussian."

This is certainly remarkable, but it may be as well to note that the deductions drawn by a clairvoyant from a vision may sometimes be incorrect: for instance, this vision appears to have been one of a country in the grip of war, in this case France, occupied in parts by foreign soldiery, thus giving rise to the impression that they had annexed the places in question.

Another illuminating passage in the same work refers to reforms in living and diet: "People talk to me sometimes about peace conventions and ask me to join societies for putting down war. I always say "You are beginning at the wrong end and putting the cart before the horse. If you want people to leave off fighting like beasts of prey, you must first get them to leave off living like beasts of prey. You cannot reform institutions without first reforming men. Teach men to live as human beings ought to live, and to think wisely, purely, and beautifully, to have noble ideas of the purpose and meaning of humanity, and they will themselves reform their institutions. Any other mode of proceeding will result only in a patchwork on a worthless fabric, a whitening of a sepulchre full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Flesh-meats and intoxicating drinks, the pabulum of luxury, are the baneful coil of hydra-headed vice whose ever-renewing heads we vainly strike, while leaving the body of the dragon still untouched. Strike then at the heart, at the vitals of the destructive monster, and the work of Heracles the redeemer will be accomplished."

In *The Perfect Way* she says: "And this occult reason for abstaining from the ingestion of flesh, is that which in all ages and under all creeds has ever powerfully and universally influenced the Recluse, the Saint, and the Adept in Religion. As is well known, the use of flesh was in former times invariably abjured by the hermit-fathers, by the ascetics of both East and West, and in short by all religious persons, male and female, who, aspiring after complete detachment from the things of sense, sought interior

vision and intimate union with the Divine: and it is now similarly abjured by the higher devotional orders of the Catholic Church and of Oriental adepts.

"Let us say boldly, and without fear of contradiction from those who really *know*, that the Interior Life and the clear Heaven are not attainable by men who are partakers of blood,—men whose mental atmosphere is thick with the fumes of daily sacrifice to idols. For, so long as these shadows infest the Man, obscuring the expanse of the higher and divine Ether beyond, he remains unable to detach himself from the love for Matter and from the attractions of Sense, and can at best but dimly discern the Light of the Spiritual Sun.

"Abstinence from bloody oblations on all planes is therefore the gate of the Perfect Way, the test of illumination, the touchstone and criterion of sincere desire for the fullness of Beatific Vision.

"The Holy Grail, the New Wine of God's Kingdom, of which all souls must drink if they would live forever, and in whose cleansing tide their garments must be made white, is most assuredly not that plasmic humor of the physical body common to all grades of material life which is known to us under the name of blood. But, as this physical humor is the life of the phenomenal body, so is the blood of Christ the Life of the Soul; and it is in this interior sense which is alone related to the Soul that the word is used by those who framed the expression of the Mysteries."

I think this slight sketch of some of Dr. Anna Kingsford's aims and ideals may help to show how much in advance of her times she was in many ways, and to what a large extent in touch with the present.

Right Endeavor

If thou workest at that which is before thee, fo lowing right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, with heroic truth in every word which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Reviews

Reincarnation,

As Viewed by a Non-Theosophist*

[It is most interesting to read of Dr. Encausse's ideas about reincarnation. With some of his views one cannot agree, but they certainly engage the reason along original lines.—Editor.]

IT IS always interesting to see what views of reincarnation are held outside of Theosophical circles, especially when they are set forth by such a person as Doctor Encausse, who has acquired a deserved reputation in societies for the study of the occult, other than the Theosophical Society. The reader must not expect, then, in opening this book, to find a simple repetition of what is said in the books of our teachers: this work is not a repetition; it is a lucid and intelligent exposition of the ideas of Papus on reincarnation, which differs on more than one point from the occult doctrines, and which thus offers to the reader more than one problem for him to examine and elucidate.

This book is composed of two quite distinct parts: in the first, Papus gives us an outline of the theory of reincarnation; in the second, consisting of the appendix, he brings documents to the support of his theories, documents whose details we shall see further on.

The first part itself, that is to say, the outline, comprises several distinct points. The first (and most important) is the study of reincarnation itself. Reincarnation is "the return of the spiritual principle in a new carnal envelope." Such is the usual definition, and it is also the one that Papus gives. However, he himself hastens to show us whatever of incompleteness there is in it, in a survey which is certainly one of the newest features of the book. The ordinary definition is that of the reincarnation of the spirit. But the human being in its entirety comprises, according to Papus, three principles: the *physical* principle, which has its seat in the abdomen; the *astral* principle, which has its seat in

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* Papus (Dr. G. Encausse). La Reincarnation, La Metempsychose, L'Evolution Physique, Astrale et Spirituelle. (In-18 de 250 p.)

the cardiac plexus; and the *spiritual* principle, whose center is the brain. Each one of these three principles, or bodies, as they are usually called, has its own reincarnation, and Dr. Encausse studies them, one after the other.

The physical body, as one knows, is formed of cells belonging to one of the three kingdoms of Nature and corresponding to one of the four elements. At the death of the physical body, each one of these cells returns to its constituent principle; the cells of the bones return to the mineral kingdom, those of the muscles to the vegetable kingdom, etc. In each one of these kingdoms, the fact of having belonged to a human body qualifies them to be director-cells; then, after a certain evolution, they participate again in the constitution of another human physical body, and in this manner the physical body of the dead man finds itself reincarnated in other physical bodies at the end of a certain time. This particular kind of reincarnation bears the name of *metempsychosis*. Here Papus' exposition certainly throws a strong light on the question of the relations of metempsychosis and reincarnation, so often confounded.

As for the astral body, which is the part of the man serving as support to astrological influences, it is divided into two parts at the death of the human being. One part, the double, remains attached to the physical cells, that is, the etheric body of the Theosophists. The other part, which one may call the *astro-spiritual*, forms the envelope of the spiritual principle. Conformably with "the chariot of the soul," into which the man has been formed during his physical life, his astro-spiritual body evolves in one direction or another after death; and it is this evolved astral body that will serve for the construction of a new physical body at the time of the following incarnation. We see that on this question the opinion of Papus differs rather considerably from the Theosophical doctrines (i. e., incorporation of the etheric body with the astral body; the astral body does not die after death, but evolves in the astral).

In approaching the study of the reincarnation of the spiritual principle, Papus comes to the study of reincarnation, properly speaking; and what he says here is scarcely more than a statement of facts generally known, which, however, he has the merit of having clearly explained.

Doctor Encausse first gives an account of the constitution of man according to the Egyptians; then he distinguishes three cases in spiritual reincarnation:

1. *Normal Reincarnation.*—The spiritual principle works on the spiritual or divine plane with an activity still greater than that which it displayed during the physical life. Nevertheless, as the astral body of the man remains to him, it is on the astral plane that he has the consciousness of living—according to Papus. Also, he gives us a description of the astral plane. This description (revelation of an astral existence, concerning which Papus does not furnish us any information) is a study of the constitution of astral existence, astral scenery, finally the state of the emotions of the individual who lives there, and more particularly the characteristics of astral love. The facts here set forth are generally known, as, for example, the luminosity proper to objects in the astral being the inverse of that which takes place on the physical plane, etc. However, it is a very attractive and a very clear account, though probably incomplete. Papus has added to it a very strange account of Louise Michel, of the sensations that one feels in the passing from the physical to the astral at the time of death. At the end Papus himself adds some details regarding the occupations of the spirit in the astral. Then, at the end of a period of indeterminate length, takes place the return to matter. The spirit *accepts voluntarily* a new incarnation, although it be for him a spiritual death, and he reincarnates while suffering a progressive loss of memory of his past lives. For the details of this descent into matter, Papus cites a passage from St. Yves d'Alveydie, entitled "Mysteries of Birth." It is to be noted that up to the age of seven years the life of the child is double: half physical, half astral.

2. *Abnormal Reincarnation.*—There is abnormal reincarnation when the spirit does not gain the spiritual plane, does not have consciousness of the astral plane, and reincarnates at the end of a short time in another physical body. This phenomenon may be the consequence of an evil life on the physical plane, in which case the individual may reincarnate in the body of one of his descendants in order to suffer the consequences of his misdeeds, or of a suicide, in which case the spirit is not considered dead until the day which had been fixed by destiny for his natural

decease. During this time, therefore, he has desires which the absence of a physical body prevents him from satisfying (torment of Tantalus).

3. *Forced Reincarnation.*—A name which Papus gives to the magical operation that the Egyptians performed in inclosing and "dynamizing" (enduing with power of action) the double in the physical body preserved by mummification. This is one of the most interesting parts of the book.

Doctor Encausse next studies problems relative to reincarnation. First, its influence upon the social life, its role in evolution. Reincarnation creates the different social classes. We next come to the existence of *karma*, according to which a present life in society is the result of a previous life. According to the Buddhists and the Theosophists, this karma cannot be modified by man, whose action is restricted to preparing his future karma without being able to avoid the acts of his past karma. But, for Papus, the alliance of the human will with divine providence can counterbalance the power of destiny. That is an interesting discussion which might well be resumed. Finally, reincarnation presents to the man tests, through each type of which he must pass successfully three times before being definitively freed of them; but he can win the third time only with divine aid. The morals of reincarnation may be said to be "goodness toward all beings."

Then Papus studies the language of the spirits, who talk in images by precipitation of negatives with emanation of personal luminosity; the necessity of forgetfulness of preceding incarnations to obviate suicide; and, finally, those whom he calls "the messengers of the Father," that is to say, the great beings who come upon earth to aid the evolution of humanity and who are always three, according to Papus. In this connection, he speaks of the cyclical messengers, such as the series of reincarnations: Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, or Sainte Genevieve, Jeanne D'Arc. Besides these great beings, there are the men who remember their past lives, those who have received spiritual baptism, the twice-born of the Hindus.

Having thus concluded his personal studies of reincarnation, Papus publishes in an appendix a series of documents

which constitute the second part of his book, and which, without presenting anything new, have at least the merit of being well chosen and well presented.

The first of these documents is a study of reincarnation and of religions: reincarnation in Egypt, in Buddhism, in Christianity, among the spirits. All that is well known. The most interesting part is an extract from a work of Doctor Dozier, showing that the Catholic church has not condemned reincarnation, but has only hurled anathema against all those who should maintain that souls return to earth through weakening of their love for God.

The second document is a schematic explanatory table of the various cases of reincarnation.

The third, Book XII of the laws of Manon, reproduced in full according to the translation of Pauthier, relates to the transmigration of souls. Its interest lies in explaining methodically particular cases, according to three criteria: 1st, the three *gounas*, or qualities, and the transmigrations which they entail in principle; 2d, the three degrees in each of the two kinds of transmigration, due to the three qualities; 3d, the three ways of accomplishing an act (by the thought, by the word, or by the body). He ends by recommending, as the first of the virtues, the knowledge of the supreme soul by means of the Vedas.

The fourth document relates to reincarnation in Krishnaism and in Buddhism. It does not appear to have the importance that one could have attributed to it. It is particularly incomplete in that which concerns Buddhism, and it is to be regretted that Papus, instead of citing a European author (G. de Lafont), did not have the happy thought to search among the Buddhist books themselves for what relates to the transmigration of souls.

The fifth document is an important fragment of a report by Mr. G. Delaune on human reincarnation; it treats of the normal loss of memory of past lives explained by the difference of the constitution of the aura, of exceptional cases of remembrance, cases of reincarnation announced in advance, and of spirits who declare that they have lived several times on earth.

Finally, the sixth document, very short, is an extract from Jos. Heibling on reincarnation and Hebrew esotericism. It is unfortunately devoid of any explanation which

might throw some light on a subject so interesting.

Such is the book of Doctor Encausse on Reincarnation. Without doubt, one could justly have a grievance against him on account of some regrettable deficiencies, particularly in what concerns reincarnation in Buddhism. Yet, such as it is, it is a book clear and well written, full of interesting views, the comparison of which with Theosophical teachings must lead the reader to serious reflections on problems of vital interest.—*Robert Germain*, per S. T.

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The Practical Mystic*

Katherine Francis Pedrick

This book on *How to make perfection appear*, draws an interesting distinction in Part I between two separate worlds—that of the materialist and that of the mystic. Part II gives one a glimpse of the higher life and points out the way to the spiritual world somewhat in detail. Part III teaches how to apply the laws of spiritual thinking to higher achievement.

The book contains a mystic message of unusual strength but one which would be more apt to appeal to those who have already obtained a glimpse of the inner life. One of the greatest difficulties for the average reader lies in the author's quotations from philosophy, in which it abounds, and which make a direct appeal to the idea of *intuition*—the Kantian idea—especially making practical the dreams of the real poet which come to him not by the slow and elaborate process of argument but by a prophetic insight, or by a sudden enlightenment comparable to the illumination caused by a flash of divine inspiration. This is *intuition* in its mystical sense. This is the way by which an imprisoned and shocked soul may obtain freedom. It makes an imperious demand for abstract rights, and the kernel of the whole teaching is found well along in the book where impirical knowledge is applied to the content of real being, differing from the Vedantist in that it translates in terms of ideas what he declares is beyond all ideational process.

In tracing a definite presentation by which the sole reality of the *self* or *I am* may be established, Mrs. Eddy and Kant are placed on parallel lines—something unique and interesting in the world of the new psychology. For instance we find on p. 106:

Kant's view of the nature of what is actually real remained unchanged throughout his life. Reality is in itself a system of existing

*Sherman French & Co., Boston.

thought—essences brought into a unity by teleological relations that are intuitively thought by the divine Intellect, and by this very act of thought posited as real.—*Paulsen.*

God creates and governs the universe, including man. The universe is filled with spiritual ideas, which he evolves, and they are obedient to the mind that makes them.—*Science and Health*, p. 295.

God is the supermundane principle by means of which the "nature of things"—existing ideas, or things-in-themselves, are posited. Obviously, this does not include bodies, which are nothing but the representation of things in our sense-perception. That which God creates is the intelligible world, the world of noumena.—*Emmanuel Kant*, p. 262.

The indestructible faculties of Spirit exist without the conditions of matter and also without the false beliefs of a so-called material existence.—*Science and Health*, p. 162.

On page 166 is found what Katherine Pedrick considers the remedy for so-called evil:

Looking back upon what we have said, we find that we have defined reality as divine mind and its manifestations. We have defined man and all real beings as the ideas of divine mind. We have defined unreality as a false material sense and its phenomena. Our claim that this suppositional sense, its conceptions and its appearance world, are unreal, is based upon our understanding that its own nature excludes it from the divine, and therefore, from the real. The whole problem has thus reduced itself to two minds, the one suppositional and the other real, and this gives the keynote to all effective work. To successfully unsee evil we must direct our efforts, not toward a denial of that which is not, but toward a realization of the perfection which is. It already exists.

We are now ready to draw conclusions from these main statements, and to illustrate the way in which they may be put to practical use. And our success in applying the following conclusions to everyday problems will depend largely upon our first knowing just what the false beliefs are which are bringing evil appearances into our lives. To this end one must analyze all the thoughts in any given situation *in the light of what is true.* By this light he will see that some of these thoughts in the situation are true, while others are but false beliefs, the elements called physical *substance* and law being no exception.

After the analysis has revealed the thoughts which are untrue, the next step is to see that although the untrue beliefs have seemed to be presented to us, yet they can never be accepted as true by a truth-knowing capacity. They and their appearances are always outside of my real self. They are apparently trying to gain admittance to the realm of the real,—yet always in vain.

On page 197 is given the spiritual definition of the real body:

Every idea is in spirit, in mind. It exists there forever, and is unchangeable. For instance, melody is a musical idea. This idea and all its individual expressions, as a national hymn, or a Beethoven *Symphony*, are ideas which are in mind, and they are unchangeable.

God's definition of every idea involves the spiritual activities by which the idea itself becomes apparent to consciousness, and to these activities of mind we give the name of modes of identification. These musical ideas, like all others, have their own modes of identification in divine mind, that is, they are expressed in modes of thought by which mind makes them apparent to consciousness. In the case of musical ideas, the modes of identification are aural modes of thought, and through them—its own particular modes—the musical ideas themselves become apparent to us. . . .

As mind manifests the idea of melody in individual melodies, so it manifests the idea man in individual men or the sons of man. Mind has a mode of identification for man, and mind's individualization—in an individual consciousness, or son of man—of this mode, is that image or spiritual phenomenon to which we give the name of body.

Thus every son of man presents two aspects: the individual consciousness which experiences, expresses God's knowing, loving and acting, and that divine mode of thought or image by which this individual consciousness or son of man is made apparent.

We now see that the body of an individual son of man, like every real body of every idea, is spiritual and perfect, that it is involved in the definition of the idea as a whole, but is distinct from, although in inseparable relation with, the individual consciousness. The relation between any individual consciousness and its body is analogous to the relation between a melody and the tones which express it. The melody is not in the tones. Melody governs the tones, which are but a phenomenon which differentiates this melody from others.

It is very inspiring to find a work which sets forth in so definite and convincing a manner the points wherein the schools of mental therapeutics may be based upon the premises of the great philosophers.

—Charlotte de Borde Burgess.

Law of Opposites

Wherefore every man,
When his affairs go on most swimmingly,
Even then it most behooves to arm himself
Against the coming storm. —Terence.

I said to my father, "Not one of these lifts up his head to perform a prayer. They are so profoundly asleep that you would say they were dead." He replied, "Life of thy father! it were better if thou, too, wert asleep, rather than thou shouldst be backbiting people." —*Saadi.*

The Return of Madame Nordica

The Patison Case*

James H. Hyslop

The following case is one of unusual interest. In all the instances of obsession which I have hitherto discussed, unless there be one exception, namely that of the young girl who painted, the subjects would have been diagnosed by physicians and psychologists as abnormal, some type of dissociation or hysteria....

The present case, however, is very different. There is not the slightest trace of hysteria or abnormality in the sense of neurosis or psychosis that can be ordinarily detected. It is that of a young child who seems perfectly normal in everything, unless the remarkable power to interpret rhythm and music in calisthenic actions be regarded as abnormal. That is, unless we regard excellent dancing without any education in the art as abnormal. If regarded as this in any sense it would not be the type that required any medical attention. The child would never be suspected for abnormality of any kind. She is a perfectly normal child in her manners, except for a decided precocity about certain things which one would not notice without being well acquainted with her life. She is nearly eight years old. From the time she was old enough to walk she was noticed to respond to music in an unusual way and from her fourth year she began spontaneously to dance when she would hear music or sounds that were rhythmic She received no education whatever in dancing and by the time she was six years of age she would interpret the most classical music in terms of dancing and calisthenic movements, in a manner wholly unmechanical and without the formal and trained mechanics of the ballet or even much of the parlor dancing. I witnessed a private exhibition of her work in New York and resolved to try the experiment which I here report. The following observations were recorded at the time, May 7th, 1915.

I received a complimentary ticket for a private exhibition of dancing by a child six years of age, said by her mother never to have had any education in dancing. The enclosed program shows what she danced to. Some of the pieces, at least, she had danced to before. I learned incidentally that she has danced to the Kilima Waltz before. She is said to intrepret the music extemporaneously and she shows every sign of this. There was no doubt about the grade and excellence of her dancing and interpretation. I know little of dancing, but such as I have seen of ballet dancing has never compared favorably with this for grace and adaptation. No doubt the stage ballet has to be learned and is performed by routine, but there was no appearance

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*[This case, as reported in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, is of special interest. Madame Nordica and I were friends, and when I spent the Summer of 1907 with her in Germany, we discussed many phases of after-death conditions and occult philosophy. I have been in communication with her since her death.—Editor.]

of routine or mechanical character about this. There was remarkable fertility of resource in the spontaneous interpretation of the Bohemian Dance. I have no such acquaintance with dancing as would enable me to describe or analyze the case for the artist, but no one with an aesthetic eye could fail to perceive the remarkable grace and inventiveness of the child, whether it be in joyous or sad music.

I saw the mother after the performance, having met her in Boston some weeks ago, and I learned that the child began very early to show signs of spontaneous dancing. When she was barely able to walk she would throw down her toys and begin to make movements of incipient dancing. The child does not remember just when it began, saying in answer to my question that it was so long she could not remember. But the mother stated as just remarked. I found also that from a very young child she has played with what she called fairies. She has not had many playmates and the playing with fairies was attributed to the lack of playmates. I was not able to ascertain whether she recognized any of the "fairies." The mother did not know. She sleeps well, tho she dreams much, according to the mother. One dream the mother told represented her as meeting Christ and then God who told her the time had not yet come to win. The mother also told me that she will show tendencies to dance whenever she sees rhythmic action anywhere, such as movement of the trees. She has noticed it with the child when out of doors.

To forestall the kind of thing that is likely to be said regarding such cases I may narrate here one incident that came to my ears. After witnessing a performance by the child and after some conversation with the mother, a lady circulated the story that the child had had lessons from Miss Duncan in her dancing. I had understood the mother to say that the child had had no instruction whatever, and the story alluded to made it necessary to make further definite inquiries. I wrote to the mother asking if Miss Duncan had ever given the child any lessons and requesting her to tell me more in detail about the child in regard to this one point. The following is her reply to my letter:

August 8th, 1915.

Dear Dr. Hyslop:

Lillian has never had dancing lessons. When she was about six years old and having been recognized as a dancer for three years she tried to dance on her toes. Several people said she would break her arches and should have exercises to strengthen her feet, so I took her to a ballet master. When he saw her he said: "She is much too young." Lillian danced for him and he was crazy about her and wanted her. She took the exercises in his studio, but *never a dance.* Naturally as Lillian has been so advertised he would like to claim her as a pupil. This I would not allow as she danced three or four years before he saw her.

Miss Duncan has never even seen Lillian dance and she *has never* had a suggestion of the Greek from anybody. That is the type of dancing she did first. She tried to dance on her toes after seeing some one possibly. I don't remember about this, only I do remember she did not try to do toe dancing (ballet) until we moved to New York. She danced (Greek type of dancing) for years before she ever saw any kind of dancing. What Lillian does is absolutely *her own* and no one living has a right to claim the slightest credit.

Most sincerely yours,

L———— P————.

The following testimony from Mr. David Belasco, the playwright and manager, will have much weight as from a man who had no bias in the examination of the case.

December 30th, 1915.

Dear Dr. Hyslop:

I consider Lillian Patison, the little girl about whom you inquire, the most wonderful phenomenon I have ever seen, especially as she is self-taught. She has given me several private exhibitions, and her dancing astounded me. It seemed positively uncanny and was most fascinating. It almost seems as tho she were the reincarnation of some famous dancer of the past. She lived every movement, and every movement was filled with charm. When she was through she was exhausted from the concentration and the spirit she had put into her work.

Faithfully,

David Belasco.

This makes the case clear against all misunderstanding, whatever we may choose to believe about it, and gossip must substantiate itself or yield. In regard to other matters the mother also writes:

"Lillian began to sing in the spring of 1914, just before we went to Canada. We left New York for Canada May 16th. Mrs. Townsend took her to opera and since then she has been begging to sing opera. She has received absolutely no instruction in singing. I don't sing at all."

This reference to singing has its importance in the fact that the claim was made through Mrs. Chenoweth that the child sang. I did not know the fact and thought it an inference from the allusion to music. But when Madame Nordica purported to communicate and I learned that the tendency to sing was a very recent development I found that the reference had a coincidental interest. I inquired to learn exactly when the child began to sing and without hinting to the mother that I had the date of Madame Nordica's death in mind, since the mother had told me personally that the singing began last spring. I knew Madame Nordica had died recently, but not exactly when. But when I made the present inquiry of the mother I knew that the date of Madame Nordica's death was May 10th, 1914. This was six days before the mother and daughter started for Canada, after which time it was that the singing began to show itself.

The important thing for this experiment was to conceal the identity of the child and this was done in the usual way. But it is equally important to know that no public exhibitions of the child's powers have been given. The law does not permit it. Hence all illustrations of her talent have been in private and the public, especially the newspapers, have not exploited the case. A short account of a performance was mentioned in a Philadelphia paper, but there has been no general public knowledge of the child. However, even if the case had been so exploited I concealed the presence of the child from Mrs. Chenoweth. I went to the house the back way. Even in front there is only one place from which persons can be seen approaching the house and Mrs. Chenoweth sits in the front room purposely before visitors come to prevent herself from seeing them approach and she sits where she cannot see them if she looks out. But I entered the house from the rear purposely, so that she would not even know that it was a child that came. I did not enter the house in front until the

fourth sitting, the day after the nature of the child's talent had been indicated and described....

Nothing more came in the first sitting of any evidential or coincidental significance. It was a short one. General messages natural for a parent to a daughter and mother made up the effort to get into rapport with the situation. At the second sitting the subliminal entrance into the trance was marked by the name Catherine. This was the name of a deceased Aunt who used to sing beautifully when living. Apparently it was she that first communicated saying she was trying to help the child's father. The statement of his relationship to the child and the mother was made definite and correctly characterized as devoted. The name Dorothy came and then apparently in correction of it the name "Dolly Betty." It is not clear what is meant by it, but the child had a playmate by the name of Dorothy Busby. But the most distinctive and evidential incident was an allusion to the trouble with her curls. The communicator said: "It is not much fun to have the curls done, is it?" Of this I knew nothing and the mother told me that she always had trouble with the child when doing up her curls. She had special trouble the evening before this sitting in that very respect.

Immediately following this incident came the name Helen, which is the name of a living sister of the child's mother. A deceased sister was very fond of this living sister Helen and would be sure to mention her if she communicated. Then the following statement came, the child's father communicating:

> And with me is another who is as anxious to come, but for a different reason. (Explain if you can.)
> Mother with me.

It is not clear as to whose mother is meant. It would fit the communicator's mother and that of the grandfather. The grandfather had often expressed the desire to see his mother again, and if this is the reference it is a good incident. But nothing is said to assure us that this was meant, unless there was a real change of communicator as there apparently was, when it was explained: "My mother is the one to whom I refer." In that case the incident is fairly direct and assured. Immediately after this the communicator gave the name Lillian and added to it "My Lillian" and then said "Little Lillian."

Now whether it was the father or the grandfather that was communicating there was a double hit in this language. Lillian was the name of the mother of the child and also the name of the child, both, of course, unknown to Mrs. Chenoweth.

The next sitting was a most abrupt break from the admission of the family as communicators, at least by automatic writing, and they were not again admitted. There had been no hint whatever of the child's character, unless the father's statement: "I know the importance of it" can be so intrepreted. I began to think there was going to be no allusion to what I was wanting, and the only time anything was said that had a coincidental interest was before the subliminal entrance into the trance, and this, of course, was in the normal

state. Mrs. Chenoweth complained of having had an "intense pain in her stomach after the previous sitting." All my experience in this work has shown me that such statements have some meaning, as reflecting a memory of some deceased person and on inquiry of the mother I ascertained that the child's grandmother died of appendicitis. It was connected, Mrs. Chenoweth felt, with the present sittings. As soon as the trance came on and the automatic writing began there were no more of the family affairs. The first sentence struck the right trail and the sitting remained throughout and without interruption on the right subject. The child had not uttered a sound except twice, once a whisper and once to say that she was afraid she did not know the meaning of the name "Dolly Betty." This first sentence was as follows:

Precocity may be spirits. In this case is and will prove the unusual capacities which she exhibits. Gifts make contact in so normal a fashion that it is hard to tell what is normal and what is supernormal.
(I understand. Go ahead.)
Gifts that only age brings may be hers by virtue of contact arranged. Music.
(Tell exactly what it is.)
Rhythm and time. You understand what is being unfolded here.

Now the child is extraordinarily gifted in the interpretation of music and rhythm in terms of physical movements with hands and feet. Her talent has never been educated and is not strictly represented by dancing, tho that is a part of the phenomena. It is in no respect the ordinary dancing but that describes a part of it in the way to give the reader some conception of what goes on....

At this point I asked what these gifts were, thinking of dancing, as I wanted the specific word, which, in reality I never got, but obtained what was far more accurate than this term. When I asked for a statement of what the gifts were the reply was, after scrawls which were possibly an effort to say something else than was said:

I was about to say music but that is too general, and then language but that is too general too. They are both a part of the expression. Pic . . . (Then the writing ceased.)

Music was too general or was only a part of the expression developing in the child. The reference to "language" would not be true in the technical sense in which that term is usually understood. For "language" is not a part of the child's development, *except in the sense that her interpretation of music in terms of movements is mimic and symbolic exactly as language is.* That is evidently why the statement was added that "language is too general too." The syllable "Pic" was evidently the beginning of the word "picture" which I thought wrong and a guess at one of the arts, pictorial art. But the mother told me that the only amusement of the child is painting in water colors and drawing pictures, a fact about which I knew nothing.

The subliminal followed and I was asked the question: "Who is singing?" I replied that I did not know, thinking that the allusion was the effect of suggestion to the subconscious by the giving of the word music. I was then told that a woman was present, and the subconscious could not tell me any more about her. The hand reached for a pencil and wrote:

"I have tried to do this writing here, but there was so much confusion and so I decided to wait. But the time passes and I fear I shall lose my impetus. The little one has been the center of a group of people who have a purpose to make real the expression of artistic expression and there has been much to demonstrate that the power was in hands as well as feet and tone and the gestures and movements have been full of the personality of one well known to the world. More later."

At the next sitting began the identification of the personality referred to and it indicated that the allusion to singing had a pertinence of which I had not dreamed. The child is as precocious in singing as she is in rhythmic interpretation of music and has had no training or education in it. She sings classical music (seven and a half years of age), such as Carmen, etc. The allusion to gestures and movements with hands and feet and to tone are perfectly accurate indications of what goes on, and one has only to witness one of the performances to see the extraordinary pertinence and condensed character of the description.

At the next sitting the capital letter L came at first and I took it to be the initial of the child's name, Lillian, which it was, but evidently, as later developments showed, intended for that of the "woman" referred to at the end of the previous sitting, and associated with the child's singing. That it was this personality was indicated in the present sitting by the allusion to the child as "my protégé," tho it does not assure us that the L was intended for the initial of her name also, which it is, as the sequel proved. This communicator at once referred to the mother's fear of the child's future, which I found on inquiry to be quite real. She had constantly been told by pessimistic friends that the child's talents would not last and she herself was afraid of it, keeping in mind a career for the child. Of course this was an incident as unknown to Mrs. Chenoweth as to me. "Madame" came, an evident attempt to give her name, but its meaning was determined later.

Then followed an allusion to "Italian words often used for breathing exercises." There was no intimation as to what was intended by this, but my experience with this work would lead me to infer that the desire was to have the child take such exercises both for her health and for the improvement of the conditions for singing. This advice was given in the Ritchie-Abbott case for that very purpose. Cf. *Proceedings* Am. S. P. R., Vol. VII, p. 474.

Then came the letters "L i. . . " which were the letters in the name of both the child and the lady who later succeeded in revealing her identity. The statement in the subliminal immediately following the giving of these letters described her accurately. It was: "A lady. I don't know who she is. She is rather large. I think her eyes are dark. She seems to be in a shadow and is very imperious."

I never saw her and had to confirm it by a person who had seen her, and it is curious that the subconscious of the psychic did not find out who she was from her earlier personal knowledge about the lady. But as she had never seen her in later life this fact may have disqualified the subconscious recognition.

At the next sitting the initial L came again at the first and after some preliminary non-evidential remarks about her relation to the child by invitation of the kindred, "on the other side," the name Lillian Norton came, and when I merely spelled it out to see whether the communicator would admit its correctness or correct it, the syllable "Nord" was written and then the control broke down. I saw at once that it was intended for Lillian Nordica, the opera singer, but I supposed that Norton was a mistake, not knowing that her maiden name was Norton. Immediately in the subliminal recovery she said that she had died "so far away," which was true. But later inquiry of Mrs. Chenoweth revealed the fact that she knew both her maiden name and where she had died. The facts thus lose their evidential value.

In the subliminal entrance to the trance of the next sitting an allusion was made to the ocean in an abrupt and apparently irrelevant manner. There was no reason for this except that it coincides with the fact that the child had been out to the ocean beach two days before and was going there again on this date. The child was wild to wade in the ocean water.

In the automatic writing that immediately followed reference was made to Farmington, Maine, and the name Norton given again, and I was told that it was right. The full name Nordica was also given. I learned later that Norton was correct and that she was born in Farmington, Maine. Mrs. Chenoweth knew the maiden name and that Madame Nordica was born in Maine, but says that she did not know it was at Farmington, tho we do not know what casual and forgotten knowledge might be latent in the subconscious.

After an illusion to the interest in communicating she remarked that the child was so easily influenced that "it is hard to tell which is natural endowment and where inspiration begins." This is interesting because the terms are different from those of an earlier communicator who said, using language more technical and evidential of familiarity with this subject, that "it is hard to tell what is normal and what is supernormal." Madame Nordica was not familiar with the scientific aspect of psychic research and it was more natural for her to indicate the distinction by "natural endowment" and "inspiration."

The above statement was followed by a more remarkable one, especially for its evidential importance. She said: "There is a congenital foundation that makes it possible for me to use the organs," adding that "this would not be so if there were not a circle formed to reflect the power." She then confessed that she no more understood the process herself than she could or did about the records of the phonograph.

I had learned from the mother that the ancestors of the child were all good singers and on the way out to the sitting that morning I had remarked that I believed that ancestral and hereditary influences were the basis of the phenomena. Mrs. Chenoweth could not possibly know anything about the child's ancestral traits or about any facts that made the reference so pertinent. I know nothing about Madame Nordica's perplexities regarding phonograph records or about any facts that might make the present statements significant. She had made phonograph records.

Immediately following these remarks was another reference to the mother's fears about the child and the statement that the child's abilities would last. Readers will remark, from a previous note, that it was just the fear that the child's talents would be transient that had troubled her, a fact as unknown to me as to Mrs. Chenoweth. It was a perfectly relevant remark by the communicator and expressed in a timely manner to encourage the mother.

Then followed a reference to her furs and her jewels, which she said did not interest her any longer, and to the song, "Annie Laurie" and her love for it.

The mother remarked that she had once seen Madame Nordica in her box at the theater richly ornamented with jewels. The relevance to furs means nothing known either to myself or to the mother, but the recent fashions in furs make it probable that the allusion is quite pertinent.

I knew nothing about the relevance of the reference to "Annie Laurie," but learned from a friend that "Annie Laurie" was a favorite encore of Madame Nordica's. I also learned that Mrs. Chenoweth did not know this fact, never having seen her or heard her sing.

A curious automatism followed in the subliminal recovery of the normal state. It was evidently a memory of the communicator associated with some approach of the moment when she must appear on the stage. It was: "The orchestra is playing." Mrs. Chenoweth at once recovered consciousness.

The next sitting was not evidential. Madame Nordica signified her presence and the time was taken up in non-evidential discussion of the case. It was all rational but not verifiable. An attempt to answer a question of mine resulted in failure, as it involved an unlikely memory on her part of an unsuccessful attempt to meet her. Illness on her part prevented the carrying out of the arrangement. It was not apparent that she remembered this, and not likely that she would, but I saw that there was the danger of her control breaking down and I wished to divert attention by my question.

The next sitting continued the communications of the same personality. The name Lillian Norton came first and in a few moments it was said that there were others of a different type influencing the child. This had to be true to justify the belief that the motor interpretations of music had more than a natural origin or impulse. But it was interesting to remark that they were said not to be all musical in respect to voice which was true enough in so far as the expression would indicate it. But the most interesting statement was the following:

> Some use the hands for expression and are able to do so with enough power to call out some question of the marvel of it and with that power and the natural native inborn gift to draw upon, a genius is in the making.

Mr. Myers might have thrilled at such a statement in confirmation of the theory of genius tho he never went so far as to explain all genius by foreign inspiration. But the theory is outlined here and there is no doubt that many have so regarded the child. The passage also recalls the statement made through three psychics, Mrs. Piper,

Mrs. Smead, and Mrs. Chenoweth; namely, that spirits can use different nerve centers for their purposes.

Following the passage just commented upon was a reference to the child's use of the pencil, which might have confirmed the previous attempt apparently to speak of her drawing, but for the reference here to automatic writing and the assertion that the child had written a name unknown to her that was proof of the identity of a given person. The mother told me that she had written names, but there seems to have been no recognition of a special one or suspicion of any supernormal meaning in what was written.

After some further non-evidential statements I explained why I asked my question on the previous day about her knowing me, and there came at once a statement that some one else not a relative and long gone from the earthly sphere of life was influencing the child.

"It is a woman to whom I refer who uses her influence to so control the mind of the child that it makes her seem mature and wise beyond her years, not simply in one form of expression, but in the general mode of living. Like a Sappho or a Margaret Fuller, say."

(I understand.)

It is a question in some minds as to whether she be a reincarnated person or a prodigy. Neither. Simply a wonderfully receptive soul with a clear and perfectly poised spirit determined to keep in touch with her and to illustrate how such a union may exist, and yet leave the child free to grow in a purely natural fashion. I am not her guide in the sense I feared you might interpret my persistence in writing.

Now one of the most striking characteristics of the child in her general life and behavior is her maturity of tastes and conduct. It has been remarked by more than one person. She is 20 years old in behavior and dignity, tho only seven and a half years old. This circumstance has some weight considering that Mrs. Chenoweth had not seen the child except for perhaps a half minute at the close of the sixth sitting and spoke to her only about her age. Nothing occurred then to justify any judgment about her maturity.

Still more striking is the allusion to reincarnation and a prodigy. Many have spoken of her as a reincarnation, such people as are inclined to that belief, which Mrs. Chenoweth does not accept. And many have also believed her a prodigy. It is therefore interesting to see the sails taken out of such theories in the manner done here. We may some day find the explanation of all extraordinary talents, as well as an explanation of the origin of the belief in reincarnation.

Mrs. Chenoweth, if left to her own interpretation of the case and if she had known the facts, would have made Madame Nordica the guide of the child. What is said here denying this claim is consistent with the fact that the motor phenomena had long existed before the death of Madame Nordica and the singing manifested itself for the first time after Madame Nordica's death in May, 1914, a little more than a year prior to this time....

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The case would not ordinarily be classed under obsession, granting that the phenomena manifested by her were spiritistically inspired, because "obsession" usually implies some "evil" or abnormal influence, and there is no trace of such an influence in the physical or

mental life of the child. If we may classify all psychics under that head—and we may broaden the use of the term for that purpose, if we desire to indicate the broad principle affecting such phenomena—then we may describe this instance by the term. But as it would give a wrong impression to do so and as the case is so normal in its manifestations it would be unfair to its character to describe it so, and indeed it would misrepresent it to say or imply that it was even psychic. There is no evidence whatever in the child's ordinary life of psychic power, unless we used such facts as early playing with invisible playmates and dancing in a remarkable way not explicable by education to support such a view. One might be puzzled to account for her superior dancing in any ordinary way, but with such criteria of the supernormal as we have been obliged to recognize or set up it would be impossible to speak intelligently of spirits in applying such a theory to the child's normal phenomena. It was only her precocity, her playing with invisible playmates, and her phenomenal dancing and interpretation of music without any education whatever in them that prompted me to experiment as I did with the case, and even the very first message regarding the case conceded that precocity was not necessarily associated with transcendental influences. In hysterical cases we might more readily suspect such agencies, but in this one never until we had once proved the existence of spiritistic influences in similar instances. Nothing but my experience with a variety of cases would justify trying the experiment and readers will see that the results justified the attempt. I was not confident enough of the possibilities to expect such results, but I should have been remiss to the problem, if I had neglected the opportunity. It is simply another instance in which we may help to bridge the chasm between normal life, where such influences either do not exist or do not arouse suspicion of it, and those cases which represent constant obsession. Such cases as the present one would suggest a larger interfusion of spiritistic influence with normal life among us than we have hitherto dreamed of. I would not encourage generalization for a moment, as I think we must prove it in the individual case and draw no conclusions as yet about the class. The instance, however, opens up possibilities that must be reckoned with in the future. Experiment must be conducted on a large scale.

The appearance of Madame Nordica was evidently a fulfillment of the prediction at the end of the first sitting at which any attempt was made to diagnose the case; namely, that a woman well known to the world was at the bottom of the phenomena. This was just after the reference was made to some one as singing. The phenomena witnessed by those who have seen the case were not those of singing. The dancing or interpretation of music would not suggest that the main feature was singing, but this seems to be the fact and is the trait that the mother prefers to develop. It appears for the first time after the death of Madame Nordica, but there was no superficial evidence of that person's presence until it came out at this experiment....Still it must be conceded that the evidence would be much greater if Madame Nordica were not a well known person. There is always the possibility, especially since her life was considerably exploited by the papers im-

mediately after her death, that the facts alluded to in the record were or might have been casually obtained and we cannot be absolutely sure that they are supernormal. The other supernormal incidents in the records are so much in favor of these being so, as they not only show what the trance can do, but help to illustrate its freedom from subliminal intrusions of fabricated material.

It is interesting to note that this personality volunteered the information that the child's powers rested "on a congenital foundation." I knew this fact from what the mother had told me about the child's ancestry, which had had much musical talent. On the way out to the sitting, when not more than five hundred yards away from the house, on the street car I had remarked to the mother that I believed that heredity furnished the basis for the phenomena and that they were not wholly instigated by spirit influence. It was interesting to find the fact alluded to here, because the usual policy of spiritualists —and it is the natural inclination of Mrs. Chenoweth herself, both as a spiritualist and as one disposed to take the simpler hypothesis—is to refer all unusual phenomena to spirits and to make no reckoning with the mind of the subject. It is thus more or less against the subconscious inclinations of Mrs. Chenoweth to recognize so important a a factor about which she knew absolutely nothing in the case. It tends to support some confidence in the message apart from its evidential significance.... In a case like this we cannot rest content with normal explanations. We could do so if we had no other facts to reckon with than those which come from observation of the child alone, tho her skill is not easily explained on the ordinary theories of education: for she had none in the work she is so excellent in. Education and training account for our normal intelligence, but when a person manifests the gifts of age and experience, tho she has neither the age nor the experience, we have an anomaly in the problem of education. Yet it is not sufficient to infer supernormal influences from a bare fact like this. When we come to the work of Mrs. Chenoweth, however, who knew nothing of the child and at no time had a sight of her until after the six sittings, we have supernormal information to consider and this points to foreign influence. It then becomes our business to adjust the normal and supernormal to the complex result observed in the phenomena of the child. We have not yet the knowledge to do this as we should wish. But there is enough to define the problem for us, and that is one which assumes the intermixture of normal and foreign mental action in the organism of the subject.

A teacher is more venerable than ten sub-teachers; a father, than one hundred teachers; a mother, than a thousand fathers.—Gems from the East.

Is Survival Provable?

A very eminent scientific man and leader in psychical research was recently asked why he did not attempt some crucial proof. "For instance, why don't you get some ancient spirit to translate some of the hitherto undecipherable Etruscan inscriptions? That"—he added—"would convince me." To which the man of science replied that it wouldn't convince *him*, and that his critic did not really demand very good evidence, if he could reach conviction through such an incident as that. The query, however, was interesting, for it showed the failure of a really intelligent mind, educated well above the average of the professional classes, to realize what is and what is not good evidence; and this in spite of the fact that the man in question had read several good books on the subject. It is perhaps worth while to thrash this out a little, in order that we may obtain a clearer idea of the evidential problem.

Suppose, as our friend demanded, an undeciphered inscription were translated through a medium, by an ostensible Etruscan control. What then? Well, we should first have to decide how much the medium knew, for he or she may have studied those inscriptions and may have found the key quite normally, now palming off the feat of translation as due to spirits; or, if not fraudulent, may have hit on the translation in a gleam of heightened faculty such as often occurs in trance and similar states. In fact, two exceptionally good examples of this kind of thing are actually on record. They are worth describing shortly.

Dr. Herman Hilprecht, Professor of Assyrian in the University of Pennsylvania, was working at the transliteration and translation of a stone-inscription of Nebuchadnezzar I. He accepted at that time Professor Delitzsch's explanation of Nebuchadnezzar's name—"Nebo protect my mason's pad or mortar-board," i. e., my work as a builder. But during a disturbed night Dr. Hilprecht dreamt that it should be "Nebo protect my boundary"; and he then saw on reflection that this was a legitimate rendering, "kuddurru" being derivable from "kadaru," to inclose. He published the new translation, which has since been universally adopted.

Later on, Dr. Hilprecht was trying to decipher two small fragments of agate which were supposed to belong to the finger-rings of some Babylonian. The cuneiform inscriptions were broken up, and little could be made of them except that their date was probably 1700-1400 B. C. Then Dr. Hilprecht had a remarkable dream. A Babylonian priest of pre-Christian Nippur appeared to him and explained the whole thing. "The two fragments . . . are not finger-rings, and their history is as follows: King Kurigalzu (*circa* 1300 B. C.) once sent to the temple of Bel . . . an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Ninib a pair of ear-rings of agate. We were in great

dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as ear-rings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words." Next morning Dr. Hilprecht re-examined the fragments, and found that the information was correct. The inscription was: "To the god Ninib, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this." (Full details can be read in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. xii, p. 13 *et seq.*)

But no psychical researcher has claimed this as proof of the genuineness of the Babylonian spirit visitant. Professor Newbold, who reports the case, quite rightly regards it as a case of subconscious reasoning, dramatized by Dr. Hilprecht's dream-self. Of course if something of the kind occurred to a person possessing no knowledge of archeology, it would be more remarkable, but even then it would not prove the "spirit's" reality, for (1) it would be impossible to prove the percipient's ignorance of the subject, and (2) even if that ignorance seemed extremely likely, we are still unable to prove that the percipient's subliminal powers were not the cause or channel, by some sort of inspiration such as occurs when other new pieces of knowledge come into the world—scientific discoveries, or spiritual perceptions of artists or of poets. Or, it might quite reasonably be attributed to telepathy from the dreaming self of some archeologist who, unlike Professor Hilprecht, forgot his dream-solution before waking.

Take now the case of apparitions, or, in the correct jargon, sensory automatisms of visual type. Captain Colt sees the figure of his brother, kneeling, with a bleeding wound in his right temple; in due course information arrives that the brother—Lieutenant Colt—was killed at Sevastopol by a bullet-wound in the right temple, and that his body was found in a kneeling position, propped by other fallen men. (See Myers' *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, vol. ii, pp. 44, 348.) Was the apparition the spirit of the dead man, come to warn his brother? It may be so, and, as it happens, Captain Colt had asked his brother to "appear" in that very room, if he found it possible. But we cannot feel sure. It may have been a telepathic hallucination, initiated by the thought of the wounded man before death supervened. We have experimental evidence to show that it is possible, under some conditions, for A to make B see an apparition of himself, quite apart from any expectancy, and at a distance of some miles. (Consult *Human Personality*, i, p. 292; the "S.H.B." case.) Admittedly the time between wound and death must have been very short in the case of a man shot through the head, but so long as there was any time at all the telepathic pulse might be started. And even if the apparition had occurred some days after death instead of a few hours, it might still be a case of "delayed" telepathy; for there is reason to believe that a real telepathic message may be received subconsciously, only working its way up into the normal consciousness—in hallucination or otherwise—when conditions are favorable.

Now as to "mediumistic" evidence. It is a fairly common thing, much more common, probably, than non-investigators have any idea of, for a sitter to be given messages from a soi-disant dead relative or friend, messages which contain a great deal of matter quite outside the medium's normal knowledge. Mrs. Sidgwick, who is one of the most cautious members of the more skeptical wing of the Society for Psychical Research, admits and affirms this, without qualification, in her recently published "Study of Mrs. Piper's Trance Phenomena" (*Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. xxviii). Through trance speech or writing, or through automatic writing or impressions in a normal or almost normal state, a "communicator" will send messages to correctly named friends, present and not present, and will refer to incidents which the medium could not have known and which even the sitter does not know. In other words, telepathy from the sitter is sometimes excluded; and, when this is so, the evidence for the actuality of the mind that claims to be communicating certainly becomes rather weighty. But it is not conclusive. Firstly, the sitter, though honestly affirming ignorance of any given fact, may nevertheless have known it and forgotten it; and there is some reason for believing that our subconscious memory is much wider than the normal conscious one, and that "forgotten" things may still exist there and may be accessible to the foraging subliminal faculties of the medium. Secondly, even if this is not so—if the sitter's ignorance can be satisfactorily established—it still remains that if any given fact is known to any living mind, telepathy or the "reading" of that mind is not excluded, and the "spirit's" existence is not proved. True, some of us think that telepathy has been very much overrated. It is invoked by anti-spiritists with reckless haste, lest worse things befall them. But as a matter of fact the experimental proof of telepathy, though sufficient to convince most investigators that the thing does sometimes really occur, is still far from establishing a telepathy or mind-reading of the scope that must be attributed to it if it is invoked as explanation of all the supernormally acquired knowledge displayed in mediumistic phenomena. In other words, to explain all these things by telepathy means assuming a good deal. It is hardly more than a risky guess; and it will probably turn out wrong. Still, assumptions and guesses are legitimate—science is largely "guess and trial"—and the task of the future in psychical research is to find out whether this greater telepathy is justified or not, or, on the other hand, to get such strong evidence for spirits that the telepathic flank is turned.

This was clearly perceived by several leading investigators who are now dead. They saw that some new form of evidence was desirable. And it is certainly remarkable that, after their death, new forms of evidence began to appear. Fragmentary and meaningless messages came through several different mediums—mostly private persons of education and position, quite beyond suspicion of fraud—and when these were pieced together it was found that they made sense, and sense that was characteristic of the ostensible sender. These were the famous "cross-correspondences;" and it is this phase, very largely,

that has been instrumental in bringing Mr. G. W. Balfour and Mrs. Sidgwick—among others—to the belief that "veridical communications are received, some of which, there is good reason to believe, come from the dead" (*Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. xxviii, p. 204—Mrs. Sidgwick expressing her own opinion). And undoubtedly some of this evidence is good. For example:

Through Mrs. Piper there came references to "Hope, Star, and Browning," with an intimation that something relative was to be looked out for elsewhere. In Mrs. Verrall's script there appeared "rats, star, tars . . . RTATS rearrange these five letters or again tears, stare . . . aster (star)" and various quotations from Browning's "Abt Vogler." In Miss Verrall's script occurred "star . . . rats everywhere in Hamelin town," which is an obvious reference to "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." If we exclude conscious or unconscious collusion, as the full details indicate that we safely may, it seems necessary to suppose that some one mind was here acting directly or indirectly through the three automatists. Was it the deceased F. W. H. Myers, as it claimed to be, or not? If not, whose mind was it? No conscious living mind was trying to do the thing telepathically, so if it was the work of an incarnate mind we must suppose it to be the "subliminal" of somebody—perhaps of Mrs. Verrall. But in making such unproved suppositions we are taking rather perilous steps. We have really very little basis for any such hypothesis of subliminal telepathic cross-firing and mystification, and, though we may make it as a guess, it is no more than a guess. But, on the other hand—we repeat with wearisome iteration—the incident does not *prove* "spirits." It is still possible to make the assumption, however unfounded it may seem, of some sort of telepathy. It has been thought by some that this ubiquitous telepathy difficulty would be gotten over if some one left a sealed envelope containing a word or sentence which he told to no one while alive, but which he succeeded in correctly giving through a medium, after his death. Myers left such an envelope, and a soi-disant Myers-spirit gave through Mrs. Verrall what purported to be the required test; which, however, turned out wrong. But if it had been a complete success it would still have been no crucial proof; for (1) Myers might have subconsciously "telepathed" the words to Mrs. Verrall while he was alive, her subliminal only producing them after his death, and (2) there is pure clairvoyance to take into account, for if dowsers can sense unknown water-springs, and if some people can read mottoes in nuts, it seems likely enough that the contents of a sealed envelope may be read by this unrecognized faculty.

It would appear, then, on the whole, that a crucial test—a piece of absolutely incontrovertible evidence—is impossible. But this need not depress us; it is so in all inductive science. If I see a man pass with his umbrella up, it does not prove that it is raining, even if the umbrella looks wet; he may be keeping it up to dry it, after a passing shower. I may note the shine of distant house-roofs, apparently wet, but this is still no proof. I hear patterings against the window, but it may be bits of grit, and I am too shortsighted to see if they are drops. Then I see other people pass, with umbrellas up also, and the evidence

begins to be almost conclusive, indeed eventually quite so, at least to me; i. e., I am so far convinced that I act on the belief, and stay in nstead of going out. But the point is that no single one of the observations was by itself quite conclusive, and that even all together they would not force any one to believe if he did not want to. He could invent hypotheses to account for them. Even if he went out and saw and felt the drops, he could say they were perhaps precipitated from the steam of some locomotive. Coercive proof in inductive science is, then, difficult or impossible. We must acquaint ourselves with as large a range of relevant facts as we can, and then choose the hypothesis which seems on the whole most probable; or, of course, we may divide up the facts and explain some of them by one hypothesis and some by another, as indeed we do in psychical research—for most or all of us accept telepathy from the living as a true cause in many instances, while some of us think that in other instances it is reasonable to postulate the wider hypothesis of communication from a discarnate mind.

As to what published records seem to require this extension, i. e., what records come *nearest* coercive proof, opinions naturally differ. The cross-correspondences, along with undeniable evidence of a Myers-like classical knowledge far beyond that of Mrs. Piper, furnish the strongest recently published evidence, and they have convinced those who carried out the investigations. To the outsider they are perhaps less convincing, chiefly because of certain unknown quantities which are very difficult to estimate, e. g., how far causes unknown to us—say current literature and the like—may have led the minds of several people to think of the same thing about the same time, and to produce references to it in their script. This kind of thing, reinforced by some telepathy and perhaps a too great ingenuity of the interpreting investigators who may select cogent portions of script from the total mass, may account for much. It probably does not truly explain all, but obviously the complexities are so great that much uncertainty is introduced. To some of us, consequently, the simpler forms of evidence still remain the most weighty. For instance, in Mrs. Piper's best period, when George Pelham was controlling and giving much identity evidence, a hundred and twenty sitters were singly introduced, anonymously or pseudonymously, practically all of them people unknown to Mrs. Piper. Thirty of them had been known to Pelham in life. Twenty-nine of them were recognized as his friends by the trance-personality, who greeted them correctly by name, with the degree of familiarity appropriate in each particular case; the thirtieth—a young lady—was not recognized at first, which is quite understandable, for Pelham had not seen her for some years—she was the daughter of friends of his—and she had changed from girl to woman in the interval. No mistaken "recognition" occurred with the other ninety sitters. For many of them, deceased relatives turned up and sent messages, but in no case did Pelham wrongly claim acquaintanceship. This means that if G. P. was a subliminal fraction of Mrs. Piper and no real G. P. was concerned at all, that fraction could somehow tell who was and who was not acquainted with a man Mrs. Piper herself had not known—for he met her only once, as sitter under an

assumed name. In other words, the supposed fragment possessed knowledge which was characteristic of G. P., for no other one person could have picked out G. P.'s friends so accurately. Andrew Lang once said that the explanations of common sense may sometimes arouse skepticism, and certainly to some of us a subliminal fraction explanation of G. P. seems to make great demands on our credulity. It seems a torturing of the evidence; the simpler hypothesis is that of a real G. P., as was claimed. We readily admit that coercive proof of survival is impossible, but it may reasonably be urged that the G. P. evidence is sufficient to justify at least a provisional belief. And it is reinforced by many other incidents which are carefully described in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. In fact, so much good evidence is now available that the *onus probandi* may legitimately be repudiated. We can say to the skeptic: "The proof is there so far as proof is possible in an inductive inquiry. If you will not accept it, that is your affair; your error be upon your own head. But you need not think any longer that your mere denial of our thesis is sufficient to dispose of it. The public is now aware of our evidence; you can not bluff them any longer. If we are wrong, *Prove it.* We challenge you to produce better explanations if you can. We will accept them gladly, if you can prove that they are better; for we are seeking, not the bolstering up of pet and preconceived beliefs, but the establishment of Truth, whatever it may be."—J. ARTHUR HILL, in *National Review*, London.

The Moonpath

The moonpath is the way where pass
The pale, spent souls of those who go
From earth, too worn to know
Where sits the lord sun in his might;
Too weak to bear eternal light;
Suffice them peace to encompass.

I watched the dim processional,
Pallid and formless, troop along
The beck'ning ray the sad moon flung,
To guide their pensive feet to where
Her gates approach the silver stair,
And these her guests find hospital.

Coming and going I saw them there;
Those wearied wraiths who, seeking rest,
Mount upward at the moon's behest,
And those who leave their long, white sleep,
To earth returning, fain to keep
Pale vigils of remembered care.

—F. I. Proctor Fowle.

Correspondence

The Consciousness During Anesthesia

Will you kindly explain the following, which took place in the spring of 1906? I was suffering from a severe illness and was obliged to submit to a surgical operation. While lying upon the operating table inhaling the ether and before losing consciousness, I saw my physical body as though my intelligence had suddenly transferred itself to the air, about a yard above and a little to the left of my head. I shall never forget the sight—a great ugly head, thick lips, and very weak features—a caricature of myself. My thought was, "What a poor, weak, repulsive thing you are!" Is this a case where one was brought into conscious touch with his higher self and saw his lower self? I am sure I did not re-enter the body voluntarily!

—L. J. G.

It is a very common experience when the consciousness is slipping away during the process of anaesthesia, for the person upon waking to remember things which took place in the forced sleep; and yet such a person when waking from a natural sleep may never have recalled seeing the physical body.

A young lady friend of mine, on such an occasion, very much embarrassed the surgeon by telling him that she had seen her body and the operating table as she floated near the ceiling of the room; and that he had ignored her request not to admit young men students from his clinic to witness her operation. She told him she knew how many had been present, and her memory proved correct.

When the consciousness withdraws itself in natural sleep, the process is an inverse one, under its own impetus and along its habitual course; but in anaesthetization it is forced out conversely and along an unusual course. When thus ejected it finds itself *at first* functioning in the etheric part of the brain and (if untrained) it views everything as expanded or seen from without. Only the etheric counterparts of solid objects are perceived, and these look larger, exaggerated, or less distinct than the object itself. Thus originated the caricature of yourself.

The place in the mental vehicle where thoughts seem to *originate* is just above and to the left of one's head. That is why your consciousness seemed to be there.

Your experience was not what is generally understood as "a conscious touch with the higher self." It was an activity of the consciousness of the personality in relation to its vehicles.

—Ed.

Spiritual Manifestations

In giving the following record of events which have occurred for a series of years, I do so with two motives: First, as a tribute to those who have so earnestly and untiringly striven to prove to my family and myself that life continues after the death change; and, second, because it is hoped that some one may be benefited thereby, or at least may be encouraged a little along the dusty and steep road of life. Necessarily it must be a personal narrative, because all the occurrences have taken place in my own home.

If a few personal remarks will be excused, I will state that for ten years I have held a responsible position, a position which requires concentration, accurate observation, and clear-headedness at all times. These facts are mentioned simply to show that there is nothing in my daily environment conducive to the visionary or imaginative temperament; and, being presented, I will now proceed with the occurrences which have resulted in the removal from my mind of all doubt as to a life after this existence in the body has ended.

Until about a year after the death of my mother, which occurred several years ago, no direct objective proof of the afterdeath life (by which is meant the survival of human consciousness) had been experienced, either by any member of my immediate family or myself, nor was it thought possible that such proof could be had.

At that time my boy was about four years old. He seemed to have a strong constitution, and was as well as most children of his age. In some manner, my thoughts were turned toward the occult. Gradually intimations were received in an intuitional way that something would "happen" to my child; this feeling was not well defined, just an apprehensive feeling that something was "in the air." Pages of my note-book were filled with notes that I made along this line at the time.

This apprehension grew in magnitude as time went on, until one Sunday I went into a quiet room and prayed for a long time for knowledge as to how to bring up my boy. From this room I then went into another; the dusk of evening made everything in the house quiet and peaceful; I sat near a table in a comfortable position; while my wife stood alone in an adjacent room, also by a table. Our minds were both quiescent, when suddenly three loud raps occurred on the table near my wife, the telegraph letter *C*, which is the first letter of my name, being tapped out.

As this was the first instance of its kind that we had ever experienced, we were naturally quite startled. My wife came into the room where I was sitting, and while standing near the table, a spoon which had been resting on a plate was lifted by unseen means high enough to cause a distinct sound when it was dropped back on the plate.

In the light of later events, this demonstration would not have attracted the attention it did. To us it was a momentous happening for it was the first real objective proof of unseen influence intelligently

exerted. It was the beginning of a series of manifestations that have occurred almost regularly every night for years.

Shortly after this I again prayed for light as to how to guide my boy. Prayers were uttered earnestly for a long time. That night, my spirit seemed to be lifted out of my body, the vividness of that which I experienced was so intense. I was actually in the presence of two people, who were spirits. They were placing, with the utmost care and affection, little bunches of flowers around a table, which was set and waiting for someone. The love and affection they radiated were beyond expression. There was no human love that could compare with it, not even that of a mother for her child. It was absolute bliss.

I could see everything in the room, even the most minute details and personal appearance of the beings there, with such vividness that I am sure it was an actual occurrence and not a mere vision. I shall never forget the experience; it affected me so strongly that even in that superior condition I went out of the room, shut the door, and wept, and woke up weeping.

After these occurrences the flood-gates seemed to be opened; for manifestations of quite a severe character occurred to such an extent as to make it necessary several times to rise and light all the lights in the house and keep them lighted for several hours, until the noises ceased. It seemed as though chairs were moved, tables creaked, and on one occasion the electric light was deliberately turned out without external cause. For the benefit of those who may suggest that it was merely the current which was turned off, I will state that the switch on the lamp was deliberately turned, so that it was necessary for me to turn it on again in order to produce the light. In another instance, an object which a member of the family held was grasped and deliberately turned around.

Shortly after this we moved to another dwelling, in which the manifestations were not so severe; but one morning, just before we intended to move into another house, a cascade of raps occurred on the wall, the significance of which was not realized until we had moved. The first night at the new residence, a burglar tried to enter the house, but was fortunately frightened away.

The manifestations having followed us wherever we went, it was decided by myself and wife to "sit" in the hope of learning who and what the intelligence was who was present.

The day previous to one of these sittings, which proved to be the last for a long time, my boy had been quite ill with a fever. This illness was considered by us to be nothing more than a temporary indisposition, and no great attention was paid to it, except to apply the usual remedies. After "sitting" for half an hour or so, two or three distinct raps occurred on the table before us. They soon ceased, however, and my wife, thinking that there would be nothing more, expressed the desire that we should break up the "conditions" and go into another room. Hardly had she spoken when a distinct whisper near her spoke one word, "boy." She was so startled that "conditions" were immediately broken. The next day my boy was taken to the hospital, where he subsequently died.

The significance of the experience I related above, about the two beings who were so tenderly and lovingly preparing for someone, immediately occurred to us after my child's death, and has done much to lessen the grief that would otherwise have obtained. For we are positive that he is among those who love him and will care for him, perhaps as we could not.

The real significance of this experience is this: For a period of perhaps two years my child's death had been foreshadowed, and every means had been used to call our attention to the fact that he would be taken, that we might be prepared.

After this event, manifestations ceased for a long time, but nearly two years ago they were resumed, and they have continued ever since. Sometimes they take the form of premonitions, and at others detonations at night upon the furniture of the room. Every night when I awake, almost immediately raps occur upon the table, chairs, desk, and even the woodwork of the bed, as if some intelligence were endeavoring to call my attention to the fact that some one was with us, even though we are unable to see the operator objectively. However, this defect of spiritual vision is made up in part by the "feeling" of the presence in the room. This sensation is so intense that I could not be more sure if the intelligence were actually visible. Frequently, at such times, it seems as if some one were snapping his fingers close to my ear; the sensation and auditory conditions are just the same as if such were actually the case; there is the rush of air past the ear and almost the physical sound. Once this sensation was so distinct, coming so unexpectedly, that I unconsciously dodged as if a bullet were whirring past.

At times of unusual mental worry and stress these demonstrations are unusually active, and always when trouble abounds. It has always made us realize that some one was near, understood and sympathized, and was trying to help. The faithfulness indicated by the presence of those in the unseen is almost beyond belief. They seem to know our every trial; they know when we are in trouble, and when we need sympathy and help; their presence is manifested generally between 1 P. M. and 7 A. M. The daylight seems to afford less hindrance than the activities of mind and body. Almost always the raps occur when peace and quietness of mind obtain. It seems that this condition of mind is more necessary than passivity of body. The worried feelings do not seem to interfere with the manifestations if the mind can be made still.

There is another instance of the influence of the unseen, in a matter which has occurred within the past few months. But others are connected with it and for this reason details are not given, although it may be said that a remarkable series of events occurred which at the time seemed to be disconnected and entirely without continuity; but subsequent events have shown that all the parts have fitted into their places with such uniformity as to make it evident that the whole affair was engineered from the "other side." In these events I was simply the unconscious agent of some one who was bringing about a result which has been of considerable benefit to my family and myself,

and which has righted a condition of injustice which has obtained for several years.

It involves such close relationship between the seen and the unseen that it affords to us greatest proof of immortality, and it is with the most profound gratitude to these invisible helpers that I have given these experiences, for we realize that many of the manifestations and experiences were given to us that we might testify to the fact of life after the death change.

I will add that no member of my family has ever, to my knowledge, been interested in spiritualism, or mediumship, the occult, or anything of the sort, and that these occurrences have in most cases come spontaneously and entirely unexpectedly, and without the presence of any one except my wife, baby girl, and myself. In fact most of the events have occurred against our wishes, when we did not look for or desire them. The best effects seem to be obtained when not expected, when the stage is not set, and when we are not thinking of the subject at all. I will also add that, through relating the experiences to some of our best friends, we have lost, in a measure, their friendship, because they have not had such experiences, or, if they have, they attribute them to the Church devil, and so we have had to pay dearly for making the truth known. We are not connected with any spiritualistic society or sect and have no motive other than to testify to the facts as they occurred. —W. C. CRUMP.

A Prayer

Holy Master, and thou Lord Maitreya, Christ,
Thou blessed Buddha-to-be, hear us,
We pray Thee. Grant unto us
The privilege of serving Thee to the uttermost.
Let us so live together in Thy service,
That all may be helped thereby;
That, seeing our oneness and the joy which is ours,
Others may be led to a realization of the Truth
And begin to work according to the Pattern shown them in the Mount.
O Holy One! Let Thy Light shine through us!
Let Thy Grace be ever with us!
That those we meet may partake of the Love which ever streams forth from Thee,
May be attuned to the Cosmic Harmony
And set their faces towards the Light.
—Eleazer ben Mosché.

Psychic Events

Dream of Disaster

Mrs. Small, of Cleveland Street, Birkenhead, has told a remarkable story of the reason why she and her daughter did not sail on the ill-fated Connemara. They were on a visit to Armagh, and had arranged to return on Friday night by the Greenore steamer.

Early on Thursday morning Mrs. Small had a vivid and terrible dream. She dreamed that she sailed in the Greenore steamer on a stormy night. Something happened, and she clearly heard an explosion and saw steam rushing from broken pipes. She found herself and her daughter in the water, with pieces of the vessel and people floating about.

Whilst in the water, she added, she became so weak that she could no longer hold her daughter up, and the latter sank from her clasp. She shrieked aloud and awoke.

The same morning Mrs. Small told her friends of the dream, and declared she had been warned by God, and would not sail that night for a thousand pounds, as she was sure something would happen. Her friends laughed, but Mrs. Small unpacked her trunks and stayed. Thereby she was saved, for every person aboard the Connemara was drowned.—*Illustrated Chronicle.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Talking to the Dead

Among novelists who hold a belief in the reality of a large range of spirit phenomena is Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, who wrote "The Grey Domino," "The Spanish Prisoner," and "My Cousin Cynthia." She is a daughter of Admiral the Right Hon. Sir A. Cooper Key, and she related some experiences to the Daily Sketch.

She has, for instance, heard the voice of her husband, a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, who died four years ago, conveying messages whose personal nature of itself was irresistible proof to her of identity.

"The voice, moreover," said Mrs. de Crespigny, "was heard by three or four other people. The "direct voice" is to me the most extraordinary and conclusive of all spiritualistic phenomena. I know of two mediums in whose presence the 'direct voice' is heard.

"At one medium's, when I heard my husband's voice, four spirit voices were speaking at the same moment, addressing people in different parts of the room, each of whom recognized the communicator and the authentic personal quality of the message. The explanation appears to be that some subtle form of matter is built up into a temporary larynx or vocal organ, in much the same way as the prompt building up of subtle matter is described in Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, which I have just been reading, recording the communications of his son.

"Everybody in the room heard the four voices together. There is no chance of explaining them away as imagination. One voice told me what I had been doing after I came back to my flat the night before. 'You received,' it said, 'a telephone message which greatly puzzled you.' I was astonished. As a matter of fact, the message had been of such a kind that I walked up and down the room pondering how I should answer it."

"Do several people in the room, then, hear the voice so distinctly that each knows exactly what it has said?"

"Absolutely yes! Every word! The direct voice is a novel and quite modern mode of manifestation."

"Have you any experience of the quieter method of communicating through the table?"

"You don't often obtain pictures by spirit agency," replied Mrs. de Crespigny. "This will interest the Daily Sketch. Three of us one evening, about six weeks ago, were sitting at a table talking of artists. I said, 'I wonder if anybody could draw through us?' and took up a pencil, suspending it between finger and thumb, and another sitter, who knew nothing of drawing, laid a hand on the pencil. The pencil at once drew a very good head. I never draw heads, and I could have drawn nothing with a pencil suspended in that fashion."

Mrs. de Crespigny is artist as well as author. She is a member of the North British Academy, the Ridley Art Club, and the Allied Artists' Association, and has held private exhibitions at the Doré Gallery.

" 'Now,' I said (Mrs. de Crespigny went on), 'draw a tree.' The pencil outlined a tree, finishing with a wavy line and a flourish.

"The third sitter at the table, who had not touched the pencil, recognized the flourish as the characteristic signature of his father, an amateur artist of considerable talent, who had died some years ago. Upon this, to be quite sure, we asked, 'Do try again. Sign your name,' and three times the signature was given, with a scroll about it, a typical mannerism of his in signing cheques and other documents, I am told, more in vogue in the day of Dickens than it is now."

"Do you recall any communication of a fact of which the medium could have gained no previous knowledge?"

"At one of the sittings a lady—one of the voices—claimed acquaintance with me and gave her Christian name. I said 'I don't think I know anybody of that name.' 'Oh, yes, you do,' she answered. 'You know me,' and she then gave her surname. I knew her at Malta, as a little girl, as a friend of my parents, though I did not at any time know her Christian name. I asked, 'Is your husband living?' She said, 'Yes; I passed over two years ago.'

"When I got home I looked her up in a reference book, and found her statements true in every particular. She had died two years ago, her name was as she had given it and her husband was alive. The medium had no idea that I knew her."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Coincidence or Telepathy?

"On one occasion I (Mrs. Alec Tweedie) happened to have just read Frankfort Moore's book, *The Fatal Gift*, and referring to it he said:

"About 1887, when I was a-courting I took the young lady to the street where the famous Misses Gunnings had once lived in Dublin. Their story had always interested me and I wanted to show her the home of these famous Irish girls.

"Ten years later, in London, having collected a good deal of information about the Gunnings's, I finally made up my mind to begin *The Fatal Gift*, and one day I sat down and wrote my first chapter. Putting it away at lunchtime I came downstairs and noticed a parcel sticking out of the letterbox. It proved to be a very untidily done up parcel from a strange lady, beginning as so many unknown correspondents do, with 'I hope you will pardon the liberty I am taking,' and then continuing to the effect that as I had evinced such an interest in the eighteenth century and written the *Jessamy Bride*, she thought it would be worth my while to go further and write the life of the famous Misses Gunnings. 'By way of inspiring you to this work,' she said, 'I enclose you two pictures of these famous girls, because I feel that when you look into their faces you will be moved to write a novel about them.' "—Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

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Credibility of Miracles of Healing

The following is part of an address to medical men, given in St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, on Sunday, being the Sunday within the Octave of St. Luke's Day, by the Rev. E. W. Barnes, Sc. D., F. R. S.

Because this is the Sunday following the Festival of St. Luke the physician; because I am preaching to physicians, surgeons, and nurses I plead that members of their professions shall give "their quota to the evidence and their voice to the verdict" which attempts to settle for this age the nature and extent of the healing power of Jesus. Some of you, perhaps, would rather ignore the whole question; where miracles are concerned you prefer to take up an agnostic attitude. But surely this is not permissible. So far as in you lies, you, and those like you who are best qualified to instruct the community, must say whether in some ordinary men there are rudimentary powers of healing similar to those which Christ is said to have possessed, and whether the stories related of Him are therefore *á priori* credible.

May I tentatively lay before you what seems to me to be a possible way of attacking this most difficult and at the same time most interesting problem? It is agreed that the mind has an extraordinary influence over the processes of the body. A conviction in the mind of a patiênt that something is radically wrong will retard his recovery. Possibly half the medicine which men take on medical advice is given by the physician with almost the sole object of inducing such mental confidence as will lead to health. This is not only true of functional disease. Certain types of organic disease are cured by a process which

seems to be best described as one by which a contented or imperious mind persuades the body to renew its normal functions, and so to conquer disease germs which cannot live in the presence of active and healthy blood corpuscles. Such control is emotional rather than mental, a quality of the spirit and not of the mind. Now if the spirit were sufficiently strong, could it thus retard the progress of every type of disease? At present we can only assert that in the majority of instances disease is cured by reactions set up in the body by the destructive germs themselves. Drugs seem either to be directly destructive of hostile microbes or to strengthen the latent powers in the body which have been temporarily too weak to overcome disease germs or their toxic products. Vaccines and the like, which bid fair to revolutionize modern physic just as asepsis has revolutionized modern surgery, seem to act in one or other of these ways. Is there any evidence that the spirit can help the body to secrete curative agencies? And if so—for the answer seems to be affirmative—is there any type of disease which the spirit is powerless thus to influence? Moreover, what is the necessary time-factor? Is it possible that in really favorable circumstances the spirit would act with great rapidity? I cannot, of course, pretend to answer these questions. Can you see your way to contribute evidence to enable an answer to be made? Should one seek in this region for an explanation of the apparently perfect physical health of Jesus? At times He was tired or weary, but there is no hint that He was ever ill. Was His Body sound because His Spirit was perfect in strength?

Again, beyond the influence of the psychic-centers on the body to which they belong there lies the question as to how far suggestion from another person can be used so as to cure disease. We know that in certain types of functional disease suggestion has distinct value. The classic researches of Charcot in Paris on hypnotism and allied phenomena have definitely established that under favorable conditions a hysterical patient could be "cured" by submission to the influence of a stronger spirit. What constitutes favorable conditions and how far the "cure" is permanent are questions not yet, I believe, finally answered. Nor has any general conclusion been reached as to whether organic disease can be "cured" by suggestion. The evidence would appear to be negative. That which comes from the so-called miracles of Lourdes is suspicious. What we need is accurate investigation of the phenomena of spiritual healing. One has almost to apologize for using this term, for around so-called mental science there floats a repellent fog of religious quackery. But it should be possible to make psycho-therapeutics or spiritual healing into an accurate science. Experiments will always be difficult, because, as is agreed, only exceptional men, if any, are able to cure organic disease by suggestion. Yet physicians and nurses, who are constantly observing ill-health and the influences which check it, may from time to time find cases in which spiritual healing seems to be a true cause of the cure of disease. Full and exact statements of such cases should be recorded, and in the course of time, when sufficient of such observations are tabulated, some investigator of genius may discover the extent to which, and the mode whereby, disease may be cured by spiritual power. Any such

discovery would be of supreme value to mankind, and incidentally it would probably do more than anything else to re-establish popular belief in the veracity of the Gospel records. As every clergyman knows, the world of educated men and women is pervaded by stories of spiritual healing, which are strongly believed by those who recount them. Such stories are valueless for scientific purposes. But if the incidents from which they take their origin could be accurately described by a trained observer they could become a useful basis of scientific inquiry.

Personally, if I may dare to express an opinion, I should be inclined to say that by spiritual healing many more cures can be wrought than most physicians to-day would be prepared to admit. I am led to such a view partly from the fact that men and women of the deepest religious experience and instincts often assert that such cures are well known to them, and partly because such cures seem indubitably to have been a definite factor in the lifework of Jesus. Apart from the miracles, the record of the life of Jesus as given in the earliest Gospel (that of St. Mark) is clearly sober and accurate history. The miracles of healing, too, are recounted carefully as on the authority of an eye-witness. The sense of effort by which Jesus effected certain cures is depicted. His exhaustion after them is indicated. His constant appeal to faith on the part of those who would be healed is emphasized. It is even stated—an admission that we should not expect to find if such stories were mythical—that at times Jesus was powerless to heal in this way. "He could there do no mighty work . . . because of their unbelief." Thus St. Mark records the miracles of healing quite naturally. They were too numerous to surprise him. It never seems to occur to him that their existence can become the occasion of controversy. For him they were facts as definite and certain as the Trial or Crucifixion. I would suggest that those who doubt this estimate should read a translation of the Gospel of St. Mark into modern English. To do so occupies little more than an hour, and the mental effect on the reader, if I may judge from my own experience, is that the miracles of healing seem more credible than before.—*The Guardian.*

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The Green Page

Princess Catherine Radziwill in the September number of the "Occult Review" tells the story of a lucky ghost that foretells good fortune for the Italian arms.

In 1363 Amédée VI., Count of Savoy, gave a tournament at Chambéry. On the way to the tournament he met a weeping boy, who said that the count's mercenaries had burned his home and carried off his father and mother. The count postponed his visit to the tournament to inquire into the boy's story. He found it was true, punished the soldiers, and made the boy one of his green-clad pages. Next day the count, to his own surprise, came out of the tournament victorious.

The page, after his death, appeared to the count, telling him that he would always come to him and his descendants "whenever anything great and glorious is about to befall you and your race."

Victor Emmanuel II. saw the green page just before the bloody battle of Novara, and he showed himself to encourage Cavour.

Servants in the royal castle of Turin state that since war was declared against Austria the page has been met again, playing on his lute, and showing signs of great satisfaction.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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Messages from the Dead

It has been established beyond a doubt that before and during the sundering of soul and body flash-messages can, and do, pass between the dying and the living. In the tenderness born of love there arises an urge to convey a message of hope and comfort to those who are left behind, an urge so poignant as to create a medium for mental telepathy. Such messages have come to me with an impression vivid as lightning.

Walking one winter afternoon in Sloane street, I suddenly heard the voice of a man I was shortly to marry.

He said distinctly "Good-bye ——" (using a name known only to ourselves). "It's all over between us." I turned. "But why?" I asked aloud. Then, seeing nobody, I knew the relentless thing that had happened. "Where are you?" I cried in distress. The answer came, labored and breathless, "At the —— Hotel, Liverpool," an hotel I had never before heard of.

The impression of calamity was so strong upon me that I telegraphed to his family asking his address. The reply came that he had been called on business to Liverpool, and was in the very hotel his voice had named.

Next day news reached me of his sudden death at the very moment he had spoken to me in Sloane street. A part-finished letter to me, the ink still wet upon it, was found beside him. He had just had time to ring his bell, ask for and obtain a doctor. Feeling the hand of death upon him, his thoughts had flashed to me.

For a long time afterwards he was with me constantly. But of so tender and beautiful a miracle as this I am unable to write.

The death of another friend with whom I had always been in telepathic communication was conveyed to me almost as dramatically.

He had undergone a slight operation. Nobody had dreamed that the consequences could be serious—or that there were likely to be any consequences. But at three one morning I woke with a strong conviction that he was dead. And it was so. He passed at the very hour that a vivid impression of his death had roused me from sleep. Honorable beyond the grave, I was deeply distressed for many months after by his incessant efforts to explain why a promise he had made me had not been fulfilled.

But, further than these flash-messages, though Death hides his secrets well, some persons who are sensitive to psychic influences may, and do, receive glimpses of a world that is not our actual and

visible world, and are able thus to bridge the aching distance between themselves and those who have passed.

In the exaltation of sorrow we develop a new spiritual sensitiveness. Our consciousness is quickened through grief and emotion. And with this quickening comes the clear, unshaken knowledge that the lowering into the grave is not the end of communion; that the door is not forever shut. We discover that the threads of love and sympathy are not severed by death, but are only drawn out.

In the stillness of the long, tossing, sleepless nights, when grey ghost memories come and group themselves about our beds, like a flash across space, travels some sweet and silent message, a sense of love and companionship encompasses us; our hearts cry an answering cry to one another across the great Chasm.

Henceforth the old feeling of loss and emptiness is gone. The grief of finality is assuaged. We no longer stand outside. The veil has been drawn aside. Like the sun breaking through the clouds there comes a light in our great darkness. And we learn that the door between the quick and the dead is not inexorably closed. There are chinks through which love may both look and speak.

Who can dogmatize over so profound a mystery? In my book I ask, "Can the dead see and hear—are they mindful of the measureless grief of those who mourn them?"

These are questions which clamor for an answer. But the consolation of certainty is denied us. We know so little of the drawing power of love. But many among us have received striking proof that though our dear dead have passed to dust they have not passed to forgetfulness.—*Annesley Kenealy in Pall Mall Gazette.*

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The Rum Jar

And Other Soldier Superstitions

The most notable feature in the famous history of the "Angels of Mons" was the fact that hundreds of practical, unpoetical, and stolid English soldiers came forward and testified to having seen the vision. Whether the story were fact or fancy, it is an excellent example of a change in our national character.

Before the war the unromantic Englishman who thought he saw a vision would have blamed, in turn, his digestion, his eyesight, his sobriety, and his sanity before he allowed that he had anything to do with the supernatural. He now tells you, without the least semblance of a blush, that he has put his faith in superstitions and charms and mascots, and that his lucky sign has saved his life on half a dozen occasions.

Of all the superstitions in the British Army—and they are many—the most popular has to do with the jar that contains the ration of rum. Rumor has it that once, long ago, a party that was bringing up rations for a company in the trenches was tempted by the thought of a good drink and fell. When all the rum had been consumed the question arose as to how to explain matters, and the genius of the party suggest-

ed breaking the jar and pretending that it had been hit by a bullet. When the party filed into the trench the waiting company was shown the handle of the jar, and had to listen to a vivid tale of how a German bullet that had just missed Private Hawkes had wasted all the company's rum. Rumor also has it that the unsteady gait of one member of the party gave the lie to the story—but this is beside the point.

From this little incident there has sprung up a far-reaching superstition—German bullets, the men have it, swerve instinctively towards the nearest rum jar. A few stray shots have helped to strengthen the superstition, and the conviction holds firm down nearly the whole length of the British line that the man who carries the rum jar runs a double risk of being hit.

Mascots and talismans hold an important place in the soldier's life. I knew of one man who used to carry in his pack a rosary that he had picked up in one of the streets of Ypres. One day his leg was fractured in two places by a large piece of a trench-mortar bomb, but, in spite of his suffering, he refused to be taken down to the dressing station until we had hunted through his pack and found him his rosary. "If I don't take it with me," he said, "I shall get hit again on the way down."

And this is by no means an isolated example. Nearly every man at the front has a mascot of some sort—a rosary, a black cat, a German button, a lucky elephant, or a weird sign—which is supposed to keep him safe.

Their superstitions, too, are many in number. One man is convinced that he will be killed on a Friday; another man would rather waste a dry—and therefore valuable—match than light three cigarettes; another will think himself lucky if he can see a cow as he marches up to the trenches; a fourth will face any danger, volunteer for any patrol, go through the worst attack without a qualm, simply because he has "got a feeling that he will come through it all unhurt." And he generally does.

I once had a servant who used to wear a shoe-button on a piece of string round his neck. At some village billet in France a tiny girl had given it to him as a present, and he treasured it as carefully as a diamond merchant would treasure the great Koh-i-noor stone. To you in England it seems ridiculous that a man should hope to save his life by wearing a shoe-button on a piece of string. But, then, you have not seen the strange tricks that Fate will play with lives. You have not watched how often a shell will burst in a group of men, kill two outright, and leave the rest untouched; you have not joked with a friend one moment and knelt by him to catch his dying words the next; you have not stood at night by a hastily dug grave and wondered why the comrade who is lying there on the waterproof sheet should have been killed while you are still unhurt.

Besides, there are so many things which tend to make a man superstitious and to confirm him in his trust in mascots and charms. Many a man has had a premonition of his death, many a man has come through long months of war, then has lost his mascot and been killed the same day.

It may all seem intensely foolish and childish, it may strike you as an attempt to bribe Fate or as a return to the days of witches and sorcerers, but it is not entirely without its good points, this growth of superstition. Man is such a little, helpless unit in the ruthless game of war, and death so sudden and so strange, that the soul gropes instinctively in search of some sign of a shielding arm and a watchful power. The Bible, the Crucifix, a cheap little charm—any of these may bring comfort to the man in the trench and give him the illusion that he is not one of those marked for the sickle of Death.

A man who has confidence that he will come through a battle unhurt generally does so, or if death comes to him he meets it with a smile on his lips. The man who expects to be killed, who has no belief in some shielding power—though it be but symbolized by a common shoe-button—is taken by death very soon, but even then not before he has gone through those long, morbid hours of waiting that breed the germs of fear.

The penny lucky charm that can bring comfort to a man in danger is not a thing to be ridiculed. It may be a proof of ignorance, but to the man it is symbolical of his God, and therefore worthy of all respect and reverence from others.—*London Daily Mail.*

Eventide

'Tis in the enchanted hour of twilight,
When darkness folds the forest-trees,
When distant sounds of children's laughter
Come fitful on the voiceless breeze;

When blossoms close and leaves scarce whisper,
When all the grass is white with dew,
When slowly deepening shades foreshadow
Hours when all things are made anew.

Ah, now, in this deep hush of Nature,
The robe of effort falls away,
And souls unbound amid the stillness,
Pass from the outer courts of Day;

Swift springing to the lodestar's summons,
Soaring with silent wings set free,
To their own Homeland of the Spirit,
The ever waiting Sanctuary.

—*Marguerite Percy.*

Playing with Fire

There are dangers in store for the unwary seeker into things occult and these dangers beset particularly the first steps of the novice. Occultism teaches us that the higher stages of spirituality are also not without pitfalls, albeit of a different and more subtle type.

There comes to mind the authenticated case of a young man who always cherished a leaning toward spiritistic phenomena and this condition of the mind was a fertile field for all sorts of tares, owing to his ignorance and curiosity. Through the death of a relative he became more than usually interested in the question as to whether with the end of life came the finish of all things, material and spiritual. He drifted from one to the other of various cults for awhile, and was an omnivorous reader of everything with any degree of authority concerning the spirit.

One day he unfortunately ran across an article explaining the experiences of a lady who had injudiciously practiced certain "breathing exercises" with the object of raising certain latent forces in the body. She claimed to have been urged on in the practice by a spirit—a former criminal, if memory is not at fault—who kept encouraging her in her efforts.

It seems that the process reacted painfully. After succeeding in liberating the force, she passed through many experiences out of the body, some of which seemed to be rather painful, especially when the force had made the transit of certain channels and reached the nerve center about the heart. She said that for days she would be out of the body and unconscious, to the great fear of her relatives. Finally she returned to a more normal condition and I believe she stated that there had been no return of the conditions.

Notwithstanding the warnings which accompanied this article, warnings against a real, tangible danger that might even result in the loss of life itself, or in insanity, which is worse than death, the young man immediately sought in every possible place for the book mentioned in the article as having given the lady the incentive to practice and the knowledge by which she went through the experiences mentioned.

Diligent search was rewarded by finding a copy of the book in question. It was written by a Hindu and was very flattering to one who had determined to sacrifice all—as he thought—in the search for knowledge. Moreover, did not the author himself advise the practice of the breathing exercise at almost any cost? Although there was a veiled warning given by the author, it was so slight as to pass unnoticed.

The "exercises" were immediately incorporated into the life of the young man, and he could be found "breathing" and concentrating during all of his spare time. Of course the effect, or rather an effect, followed the cause. After several months of it he became nervous and irritable and there were times when the slightest cause would produce

a nervous tremor entirely out of comparison with the insignificant trifle that caused it. He became more irritable in the home, and the long suffering members of his family certainly had cause for much anxiety in those days.

Of course his mind was always in an excited condition, and anything touching upon psychic matters was absorbed with astonishing avidity; quite naturally he drifted towards "spiritualism." There were several spiritualistic societies that held meetings in the city and these were regularly visited every Sunday, and at other times. "Circles" also claimed part of his spare time—or such of it as remained—and the usual course of "messages," "rappings," and "table-tippings" was experienced.

However, there were other things that did materialize. There soon began a series of events in the home of the young man that made living indoors most unpleasant and sleep almost impossible at times. As a result of visiting the mixed "spiritualistic" meetings, some entity (or more probably a whole regiment of them)was attracted to the home and proceeded to take things into its own hands, so to speak.

The first physical manifestation occurred one Sunday at dusk, when distinct raps were heard upon a table by which a member of the family was standing. It was the first experience of the kind, and as this person was very sensitive and nervous, there was little sleep that night, or for many other nights, for that matter.

Sleep became almost an impossibility, because of the sundry and incessant rappings, poundings, and what seemed at times almost like explosions, that occurred when the lights were turned out. Chairs were apparently moved about and other heavy objects moved in the most noisy manner. It became a nightly performance to remain up with all the lights in the house lighted until the wee small hours; in fact, the only way to stop the disturbances was to burn the lights all night.

It may be remarked here that there was no longer any doubt as to the actual existence of intelligences and forces that could not be seen with the physical eyes.

Those conditions obtained in every house the young man moved into, and have persisted with more or less vigor ever since. Of themselves, they were not the worst feature of the affair, because sickness and trouble began to abound in the family, followed by the death of one of its members. It is not meant to insinuate that the entities caused all this trouble, but the coincidence is very striking, that whenever the subject is apt to again become dominant, more illness and confusion are manifest. A great many times these manifestations would occur in spite of all that could be done to prevent them.

Finally, realizing that the subject was best left alone, the young man absented himself from all "spiritualistic" meetings and circles, and reports that the disturbances have become a great deal less troublesome.

However, he had another lesson to learn. He was continually practicing the breathing exercises and was becoming so horribly sensitive and overbalanced from the slightest irritation, as to be in constant misery. He fancied every one was in league against him, and went

through the tortures of the damned both in business life and at home. There was no peace to be had. Everywhere he went, there was that incessant, internal stimulus to be hyper-active. Anything to be continually moving. Then his rest at night became broken up by that never-still electric dynamo in his body that was constantly sending out currents of force strong enough to tear the body to pieces. Sometimes when walking on the street he would lose consciousness for a second or two and find that he—the consciousness—was several feet from his body, and that the body was staggering or falling. This occurred many times and he often wondered if he might not be arrested as one intoxicated.

Experience is a kindly teacher, although sometimes a severe one, and finally the lesson was learned. No more breathing exercises were practiced, and the attempt to force the "kingdom of Heaven by storm" was abandoned. Outdoor exercise was taken as often as possible, and everything was tried that suggested itself as a remedy. The following of suggestions given by an earnest occultist, as well as remedial action taken to restore normal conditions, at last brought relief and peace of mind.

In summing up, it should be mentioned that the victim of his own folly had read Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's warnings against raising the "serpent fire," in his book on *The Inner Life*, and, as the writer stated, considered that the evil effects would not be felt in his (the young man's) case, as he was better, separate and apart from those ordinary people for whose benefit the warnings were issued. It should also be brought out that on several occasions the man feared permanent loss of his mental balance. His physical health, apart from the nervousness, suffered greatly and he became thin and weak. Probably the worst effects were experienced in business, where so many adverse influences were contacted. It is with the greatest thankfulness that he acknowledged the unending kindness of friends, but he regrets exceedingly the years of wasted effort. He gladly adds his testimony to that of many others who have suffered tortures from playing with the fire.

—W. C. CRUMP.

Notice to Subscribers

Owing to circumstances beyond our control, we, the Editor and the Publisher of *The Channel*, have decided to suspend its publication for the present.

Several conditions have made this necessary. First of all is the recent decision of the British Government that owing to the exigencies of the War only single copies of any magazine may pass through the mails. This means that large numbers of *The Channel* sent in bulk to England and other European countries for booksellers, publishers, etc., must be discontinued.

Again, owing to the sinking of ships, many copies of the magazine, valuable manuscripts, subscriptions, and remittances are lost in transit. Our subscribers and ourselves have thus been greatly in-

convenienced. These conditions are after all only natural to such a world-strife, and we must bravely accept our share of the burden and the loss, as many other periodicals have had to do. Another reason is that while at first we expected to remain in the Far East only six months, we now find it advisable, because of the literary and other work which we have to do, to prolong our visit indefinitely. The difficulties in the way of editing the magazine from so great a distance render its continuance impracticable.

It is gratifying to state that *The Channel* has met with a steadily increasing success since its birth on October 7th, 1915. Literally hundreds of letters have been written us from all over the world, expressing appreciation and encouragement; while only three have expressed criticism, and even those were exceedingly kind in tone, suggesting ways to improve the magazine and widen its scope.

The majority of these correspondents asked the Editor for additional articles, books, and specific guidance for their spiritual welfare, which she gladly promised to give. As this cannot now be done through *The Channel* she will, at its Editor's request, contribute articles to *The Theosophist* (Adyar, Madras S., India; $3.00 per annum), which has for many years been the world's leading occult magazine. It contains articles by recognized authorities, from whom the *Channel* Editor herself has gained much spiritual guidance in the past.

The promised books in the "Vital Problem Series," *The Science of Occult Healing* and *Safe Methods of Occult Progress*, will be published at Adyar in due course and notice will be given of them and of the resumption of *The Channel*, which we trust will take place when peace is re-established and more favorable conditions restored. At that time we hope to have one of the most learned occultists of the day associated with us editorially.

In the meantime we shall be glad to continue our correspondence with subscribers concerning the truths of the higher life. We sincerely thank those who have encouraged and co-operated with us.

Address Until Further Notice: Adyar, Madras S., India.

MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHNER,
Editor, *The Channel.*
HENRY HOTCHNER, President,
The Channel Publishing Society.

P. S.: Those whose subscriptions have not expired are requested to write immediately to *The Channel, Hollywood, Calif.*, stating whether they wish unexpired subscriptions returned in money, or back numbers of either volume sent instead. The back numbers will be sent if desired (please specify months) as long as they last. Owing to lack of help, your indulgence is asked for any delay.

THE PUBLISHER.